WEEK ENDING JUNE 15, 1929

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"I'll say little things are important"—

The President regarded the young branch manager with pride. He had just informed him of another promotion, and then added: "I'll say little things are important in business. You've always seemed to appreciate that. And this extends to the details of dress. Show me a carefully dressed man and I'll show you a man who is *careful* and *thorough* in his work. I was glad to notice that you had not affected the 'sloppy socks' fad when you came to us from college—that you wore garters and your socks were neat, and trim. My boy, little things count. They are big elements in success."

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DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

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JUNE 15, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6, No. 23

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

A HE-MAN'S PROBLEM

Friends, we bespeak a little advice on a matter of magazine making. Enemies are invited to sit in also.

We don't know what to do with our index or table of contents.

You may not think that a grave problem, but you don't know the half of it. Since we moved our bill of fare recently, letters have been piling in from plaintive readers who protest that, in its present location, it is hard to find. They don't want to be looking all over the place to find out on what page The Red Napoleon begins, or what short stories we have to offer this week.

And we have a furtive suspicion that our readers may be right. Wherefore we are asking them what to do about it, and we should like to know if anything could be fairer than that.

When we changed our format last January and reduced the size of our pages, we found that it cut our editorials considerably. It was difficult—indeed impossible—to say as much as we wanted to say.

We stood it for two months, and then adopted a new policy. We put in a second editorial page, devoted largely to telling what we knew about our authors, and placed the table of contents at the bottom of that.

This has tended to break up our habit of carrying everything through continuously—i. e., finishing each story or article before the next one begins, instead of leaping way back with it somewhere just as you get to the most exciting part. The new editorial page has been an interruption.

And, as remarked above, it has brought a good deal of complaint from people who don't care for the sport of table-of-contents hunting.

So then, what to do? As always, we aim to please.

Many of our best-known magazines manage somehow to put their tables of contents where they are enormously hard to find. In some cases practised readers acquire the trick after considerable experimentation, but it takes time and thought which could so well be devoted to something else.

There is one magazine in which we have never been able to find the table of contents, though we are reliably informed that it is present in every issue. That probably is because we are dumb, and maybe we shouldn't have said anything about it.

But we do not believe in making things hard for our readers. Life is difficult enough, without its being needlessly complicated every time you spend a nickel for LIBERTY.

That is why these letters of protest grieve us. We are burdened with a conviction of sin.

So we propose an experiment.

This week we keep things as they have been of late. The editorial page is as you see it. The page about authors follows the first page of the opening story, and the table of contents is at the bottom of the page about authors.

Next week we shall place the table of contents at the bottom of "page one of text," by which is meant the first page of the first story or article in the issue. On the same page there will be an illustration, as usual—which won't leave much room for the opening paragraphs of the story.

The following week the table of contents will be on page one of text again, but without a picture.

In the next issue after that we shall go back to our former practise of placing the table of contents at the bottom of the regular editorial page, and give the editorial a little elbow room by setting it in type of a slightly smaller size.

Then it will be up to you.

The only way to know how a thing is going to look is to try it. We'll try these different ways and place the results in your hands.

Let us know which you like best, and we will oblige you.

We want to have our table of contents in a place where it will be easy to find, and where it can stay put. We want it always in the same place, week after week, and we want that to be a place which the reader can hardly miss, even if he tries.

Write us about it, for we are sore perplexed. Your votes will be counted, and in the earliest possible issue we shall do as the majority direct.

Magazine making is a difficult business, but with courage and determination we have found its problems not altogether too dismaying. World politics we dispose of rather easily; we know exactly what we think about prohibition and pacifism, and some days we manage not to be cast down even by the hard knocks we get from Vox Pop.

But this riddle of where to put the index stumps us. This here problem is a problem as is a problem.

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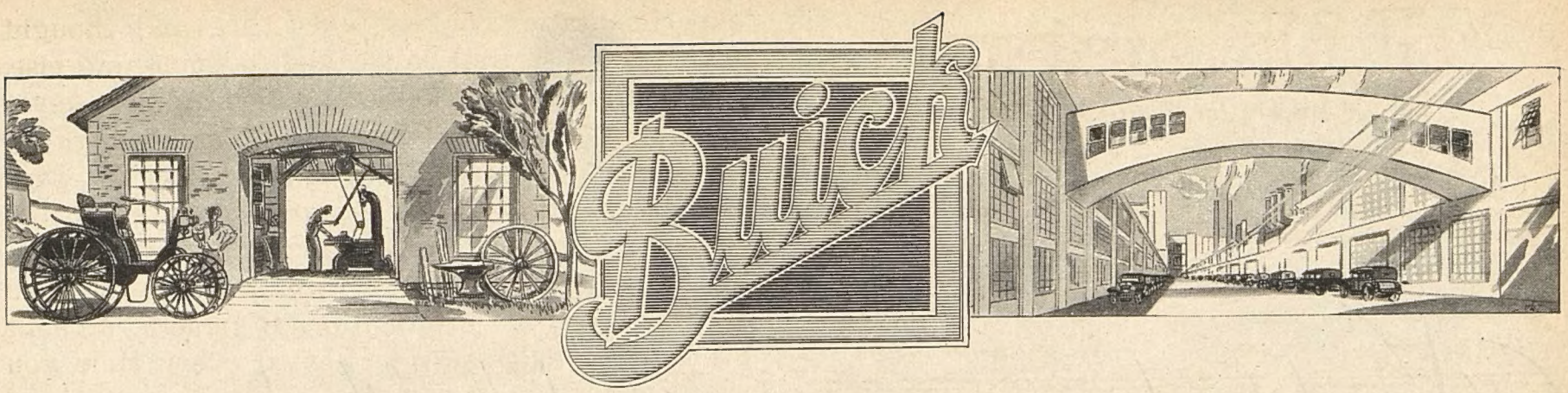

CRADLE OF THE INDUSTRY IN THE BEGINNING.. ....STANDARD OF THE INDUSTRY TODAY

The past quarter-century, 1904-1929, has witnessed many changes in the motor world. Names have appeared—lived—and died. But the years—and the friends of those years—have brought steadily increasing prestige to Buick and its products.

There is an old saying which reads, "Every man has two countries: his own and—*France!*"

It is equally true that every motor car manufacturer honors two automotive institutions: his own and—*Buick!*

There exists in the motor world a respect for Buick and the new Marquette which transcends all bonds of partisanship, and extends to owners and non-owners and contemporary makers alike.

Buick was the cradle of the motor car industry. It nurtured faith and fostered craftsmanship in those early days when the motor car was young. It proved to motordom that it was possible to build a truly fine automobile for the millions. It pioneered many of the vitally important engineering features which are now standard equipment on quality cars.

Year after year, Buick has given to the world a greater automobile. Year after year, the world has given to Buick still higher favor.

And, just as Buick was the cradle of the industry in the beginning, so Buick remains the standard of the industry today.

Buick craftsmen—Buick plants and equipment—Buick standards of engineering and manufacturing—inspire universal admiration. And Buick products, by virtue of quality and value leadership, command enthusiastic public preference in their respective fields.

It is only natural that the builders of Buick and Marquette should appreciate and cherish this worldwide good will. And that they should seek to repay it by keeping Buick and Marquette motor cars always the standard of comparison.

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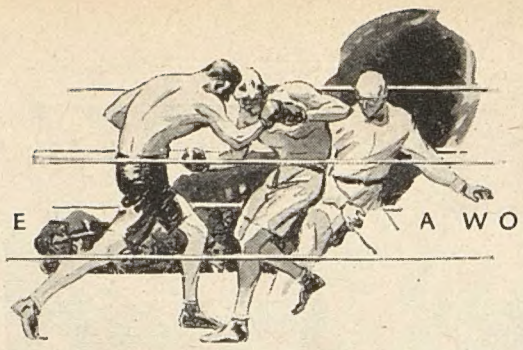

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Soames and the FLAG

OUT there his countrymen were struggling and dying, to save England —to save the world.

The Story of an Unknown Soldier

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

ON that day of 1914 when the assassinations at Serajevo startled the world, Soames Forsyte passed in a taxi-cab up the Haymarket, supporting on his knee a picture by James Maris, which he had just bought from Dumetrius. He was pleased at the outcome of a very considerable duel. The fellow had come down to his price at the last minute, and Soames had wondered why.

The reason dawned on him that night in Green Street, while reading his evening paper: "This tragic occurrence may yet shake Europe to its foundations. Sinister possibilities implicit in such an assassination stagger the imagination." They must have staggered Dumetrius. The fellow had suddenly seen "blue." The market in objects whose "virtue" varied with the quietude of men's minds and the tourist traffic with America, was—Soames well knew—extremely sensitive. Sinister possibilities! He put the paper down and sat reflecting. No! The chap was an alarmist. What, after all, was an Archduke more or less—they were always getting into the papers, one way or another. He would see what "The Times" said about it to-morrow, but probably it would turn out a storm in a tea-cup. Soames was not in fact of a European turn of mind. 'Trouble in the Balkans' had become a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

John Galsworthy

Imogene Stanley

Inez Sabastian

Richard Carroll

The Perennial *Forsytes*

IN publishing in these pages the story entitled Soames and the Flag we are violating our rules about length. It is nearly twice as long as anything we have hitherto included in a single issue of LIBERTY. But we are printing it, of course, because it is by JOHN GALSWORTHY. It is a new item in that distinguished Englishman's long-continued series of stories about the Forsyte family—a series which, in 1922, he put together in a single novel, The Forsyte Saga, and to which he has been adding steadily since—and therefore no doubt is a permanent contribution to English literature. Though it deals with a phase in the life of Soames Forsyte, it is complete in itself and can be easily understood by those who have not read of the Forsytes before. . . . Mr. Galsworthy is 62 now, and has been in the front rank of English authors, both as a novelist and as a playwright, since his work began appearing a little more than thirty years ago.

IMOGENE STANLEY and EDWARD DOHERTY had the experience which they record in this issue when they were reporters for the Daily News of New York, some time ago. It all happened precisely as they tell it, but the tale has never before been told. Such confessions don't often emanate from newspaper offices. . . . INEZ SABASTIAN is the wife of a New York newspaper man. Summers, she lives in Cos Cob, Connecticut, and recuperates from the arduous task of getting magazines to spell her last name correctly. . . . RICHARD CARROLL also has a newspaper background. He is a native of Newfoundland who migrated to New York some years ago to be a reporter, and has, of late, been specializing in aviation articles for LIBERTY. When we assigned him to do a piece on learning to fly, he went out and learned, himself. . . . The rest of the week's authors you know about.

ANNOUNCEMENT in this issue of the final awards for solutions of the problems in SIDNEY SUTHERLAND'S recent real life mystery series marks the end of one of the most remarkable magazine episodes in our experience. The response to this was amazing; upwards of 64,000 intricate, carefully thought out solutions have been submitted—and they're still coming as this is written, though the lists of course are now closed. Well, it's over, and Mr. Sutherland thanks you all for your kind attention.

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Prize awards for solutions of The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, the final problem in Sidney Sutherland's recent mystery series, are announced on page 60

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proverb; and when a thing became a proverb there was nothing in it.

He read "The Times" journeying back with the James Maris to Mapledurham the following day. Editorial hands were lifted in the usual horror at assassination, but there was nothing to prevent him going out fishing.

Indeed, in the month that followed, even after the Austrian ultimatum had appeared, Soames, like ninety-nine per cent of his fellow-countrymen, didn't know what there was "to make such a fuss about." To suppose that England could be involved was weak-minded. The idea, indeed, never seriously occurred to one born just after the Crimean war, and accustomed to look on Europe as fit to be advised, perhaps, but nothing more. Fleur's holidays, too, were just beginning, and he was thinking of buying her a pony: at twelve years old it was time she learned even that rather futile accomplishment—riding. Besides, was there not plenty of fuss in Ireland, if they must have something to fuss about? It was Annette who raised the first bubbles of an immense disquiet. Beautiful creature as she was at that period—"rising thirty-five," as George Forsyte put it—she did not read the English papers, but she often had letters from France. On the 28th of July she said to Soames:

"Soames, there is going to be war—those Germans are crazy mad."

"War over a potty little affair like that? Nonsense!" growled Soames.

"Oh! you have no imagination, Soames. Of course there will be war, and my poor country will have to fight for Russia; and you English—what will you do?"

"Do? Why, nothing! If you're fools enough to go to war, *we* can't help it."

"We expect you to help us," said Annette; "but you English we never can rely on. You wait always to see which way the cat jump."

"What business is it of ours?" Soames answered testily.

"You will soon find what business when the Germans take Calais."

"I thought you French fancied yourselves invincible." But he got up and left the room.

AND that evening it was noticed even by Fleur that he took no interest in her. All Saturday and Sunday he was fidgety. On Sunday afternoon came a rumour that Germany had declared war on Russia. Soames put it down to the papers; but he remained awake half the night, and, on reading of its confirmation in "The Times" on Monday morning, went up to Town by the first train. He repaired to his brokers in Throgmorton Street. In the hour that followed, his eyes were opened. He found his brokers, Messrs. Green and Greening—more familiarly known as "Grin and Grinning"—up to the eyes in orders to sell Stock. They took his own with a callous scepticism that seemed to Soames little less than criminal.

"We'll do what we can, Mr. Forsyte," said 'Grin'; "but at any minute the Stock Exchange may be closed."

"Closed?" said Soames. "You don't mean to say they'd let business stop, even if—"

"It would *have* to stop, or prices would flop to nothing. As it is, there's panic enough—"

"Panic!" repeated Soames, staring at his broker—'a sleek beggar!' "Cancel those orders; I shan't sell anything."

Not realizing that in this he had voiced more than a personal decision, he got up and went out. Outside was a regular fluster. Newsvendors were crying: "German ultimatum to Belgium!" Soames stood still over against the Bank of England. It was not his custom to look at people's faces, but he found himself doing it. One and all had a furrow between the eyes. Here was a how-de-do! Down there, on the river, he hadn't realised. Even here he found it difficult. 'I'll go to the City Club,' he thought, with a sudden longing for telegraphic tape.

"Yes, Mr. Forsyte; Madame says I am to go." Soames nodded. "I don't want you to go. It's all nonsense; but one can't control these things."

It was surrounded by men he did not know, and Soames, who had a horror of doing what other people were doing, and especially of waiting to do it, moved into the smoking room and sat down. One of the least of Club-men, he literally did not know how to get into conversation with strange members, and was confined to listening to what they were saying. This was sufficiently alarming. The three or four within earshot seemed suffering only from fear that "this damned Government" wouldn't "come up to the scratch." Soames' ears stood up more and more. He was hearing more abuse of Radicals and the working classes than he had ever heard in so short a space of time. The words "traitors" and "politicians" beat through the talk with a sort of rhythm. Though the general trend of the sentiments voiced might be his own, all that was reticent, measured and calculating within him was shocked. What did they think a war would be—a sort of water picnic?

"If we don't go in now," said one of the group, "we shall never hold up our heads again."

Soames sniffed audibly. How? He didn't see. Germany and Austria against France and Russia—if they chose to make such fools of themselves. Europe was always at war in the old days. And now that they had these thundering great armies, it was a wonder they hadn't come to loggerheads long since. What was the use of having no conscription and a big navy, if one wasn't going to keep out of war? Fellows like these! All they thought of was their dividends; and much good that would do them. If England lost her head now, and went in, there wouldn't be any dividends. War, indeed! The whole

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SOAMES AND THE FLAG Continued from page nine]

interior of one, who for all his sixty years had been at peace as a matter of course, rose against that grisly consummation. What had the Russians ever done, or the French for that matter, that they should expect England to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them? As for the Germans—their Kaiser was a "cock-snoop" of a chap, always rattling his sabre, and talking through his hat—but they were at least more understandable than the Russians or the French; as to Austria—the idea of going to war with her was simply silly.

"Albert has appealed to the Powers," said a voice.

Albert! That was the King of Belgium. So he'd appealed, had he? Belgium! Wasn't she guaranteed like Switzerland? The Germans would never be fools enough to—! This was a civilised age—treaties and that! He rose. It was no use listening to jingo chatter. He would go and lunch.

But he could scarcely eat—the weather was so hot. He shouldn't be a bit surprised if that had a lot to do with the state of affairs. Put these Emperors and Generals and chaps on ice, and you'd have them piping small at once. He was drinking a glass of barleywater, when he heard the waiter at the next table say to a member: "So it says, Sir."

"Good God!" said the member, starting up.

Soames forgot his manners.

"What does it say?"

"The Germans have invaded Belgium, Sir."

Soames put down his glass.

"Who told you that?"

"It's on the tape, Sir."

Soames emitted a sound that might have come from his very boots—so deep it was. He must think. But you couldn't tell what you were thinking in this place.

"My bill," he said.

When it came, he gave the waiter a shilling against club rules and the habit of a lifetime; for he had an obscure feeling that the fellow had done something unique to him. Then with a sudden homing instinct, he took a cab to Paddington, and all the way in the train read the evening paper, or sat staring out of the carriage window.

HE said nothing when he got home—nothing whatever to anybody of what he had heard—the whole of him absorbed in a sort of silent and awful adjustment. That fellow Grey—a steady chap, best of the bunch—must be making his speech to the House by now. What was he saying? And how were they taking it? He got into his punt and sat there listening to the wood-pigeons, in the leafy peace of the bright day. He didn't want a soul near him. England! They said the fleet was ready. His mind didn't seem able to get further than that. To be on water gave him queer consolation, as if his faith in the fleet would glide with that water down to the sea whereon the pride and the protection of England lay. He put his hand down and the water flowed green-tinged through his opened fingers. By George! There went that kingfisher—hadn't seen him for weeks—flash of blue among the reeds. He wouldn't be that fellow Grey for something. They said he was a fisherman and liked birds. What was he saying to them in there under Big Ben? The chap had always been a gentleman, could he say anything but that England would stand by her word? And for the second time Soames uttered a sound which seemed to travel up from the very tips of his toes. He didn't see what was to be done except agree with that. And what then? All this green peace, every home throughout the land, and stocks and shares—falling, falling! And old Uncle Timothy—ninety-four! He would have to see that they kept it from the old chap. Luckily no newspaper had come into the "Nook" since Aunt Hester died; reading about the House of Lords in 1910 had so upset Timothy, that he had given up taking even "The Times."

'And my pictures!' thought Soames. Yes, and Fleur's governess—a German: Fleur had always spoken French with her mother. Annette would want to get rid of her, he wouldn't be surprised. And what would become of her—nobody would want a German, if there were war. A dragon-fly flew past. Soames watched it with an ache, dumb and resentful, deep within him. A beautiful summer, fine and hot, and they couldn't leave it alone, but must kick up this devil's tattoo, all over the world. This thing might—might come to be anything before it was over. He got up and slowly punted himself across. From there he could see the Church. He never went to it, but he supposed it meant something. And now all over Europe they were going to blow each other to bits. What would the parsons say? Nothing—he shouldn't wonder—they were a funny lot. Seven o'clock! It must be over by now in the House of Commons. And he punted himself slowly back. The scent of lime blossom and of meadow-sweet, the scent of sweetbriar and of honeysuckle,—yes, and the scent of grass being cooled, drifted and clung. He didn't want to leave the water, but it was getting damp.

THE mothers of the boys going off to the war out there; young chaps—conscripts—Russia and Austria, Germany and France—and not knowing or caring a dump about it. A pretty how-de-do! There'd be a lot of volunteering here—if—if—! Only he didn't know, he couldn't tell what use England could be except at sea.

He got out of the punt and walked slowly up past the house to his front gate. Heat was over, light paling, stars peering through, the air smelled a little of dust. Soames stood like some pelican awaiting it knew not what. A motor-cycle came sputtering from the direction of Reading. The rider, in dusty overalls, flung words at him:

"Pawlyment! We're goin' in!" and sputtered past. Soames stretched out a hand. So might a blind man have moved.

Going in? With little food inside and the stars above him, all the imaginative power, which as a rule he starved, turned active, clutched and groped. Scattered, scuttling images of war came flying across the screen of his consciousness like so many wild geese over the sand, over the sea, out of the darkness into the darkness of a layman's mind; a layman who had thought in terms of peace all his days, and his days many. What a thing to happen to one at sixty! They might have waited till he was like old Timothy. Anxiety! That was it, anxiety. Kitchener was over from Egypt, they said. Well! That was something. A grim-looking chap, with his eyes fixed beyond you like a lion's at the Zoo; but he'd always come through. Soames remembered, suddenly, his sensations during the black week of the Boer War—potty little affair, compared with this. And there was old Roberts—too old, he supposed.

'But perhaps,' he thought, 'we shan't have to fight on land.' Besides, who knew? The Germans might come to their senses yet, when they heard England was going in. There was Russia, she had more millions than all the rest put together—Steam-roller, they called her; but had she the steam? Japan had beaten her.

'Well!' and the thought gave him the queerest feeling, proud and miserable: 'If we begin, we shall hold on.' There was something at once terrible to him and deeply satisfying about that instinctive knowledge. They'd be singing "Rule Britannia" everywhere to-night—he shouldn't wonder. People didn't *think*—a little-headed lot!

The stars burned through a sky growing blue-dark. All over Europe men and guns moving—all over the seas ships tearing along. And this silence—this hush before the storm. That couldn't last. No; there they were already—singing back there along the road—drunk, he should say. Tune—words—he didn't know them—vulgar stuff:

> It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
> It's a long long way to go. . .
> Good-bye, Piccadilly! Farewell, Leicester Square!
> It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
> And my heart's right there!

What had that to do with it—he should like to know? They were cheering now. Some beanfeast or other had

To be on water gave him queer consolation, as if his faith in the fleet would glide with that water down to the sea whereon the pride and the protection of England lay. This thing might come to be anything before it was over.

got the news—common people! But—common or not, to-night all was England! Well, he must go indoors.

II

SILENCE, as of one stricken by decision, come to instinctively rather than by will, weighed on Soames that night and all next day. He read 'that chap Grey's' speech and, in conspiracy with his country, waited for what he felt would never come: an answer to the ultimatum sent. The Germans had tasted of force, and would never go back on their invasion of Belgium.

In the afternoon he could neither bear his own gloom nor the excitement of Annette, and, walking to the station, he took a train to Town. The streets seemed full and to get fuller every minute. He sat down late, at the Connoisseurs' Club, to dine. When he had finished a meal which seemed to stick in his gizzard, he went downstairs. From his seat in the window he could see St. James' Street, and the people eddying down it towards the centre of the country's life. He sat there practically alone. At eleven—they said—the ultimatum would expire. In this quiet room, where the furniture and wall-decorations had been accumulated for men of taste throughout a century of peace, was the reality of life as he had known it, the reality of Victorian and Edwardian England. The Boer wars, and all those other little wars, Ashanti, Afghan, Soudan, expeditionary adventures, professional affairs far away, had hardly ruffled the minds of Connoisseurs. One had walked and talked upon one's normal way, just conscious of their disagreeable necessity, and their stimulation at breakfast time, like a pinch of Glauber salts. But this great thing—why, it had united even the politicians, so he had read in the paper that morning. And there came into his mind Lewis Carroll's rhyme:

> And then came down a monstrous crow,
> As black as a tar-barrel;
> It frightened both the heroes so
> They quite forgot their quarrel.

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[SOAMES AND THE FLAG]
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He got up and moved, restless, into the hall. All there was of connoisseur in the Club was gathered round the tape—some half-dozen members, none of whom he knew. Soames stood a little apart. Somebody turned and spoke to him. A shrinking from his fellows, always accentuated in Soames' emotional moments, sent a shiver down his spine. He couldn't stay here and have chaps babbling. Answering curtly, he got his hat and went out. In the crowd he'd be alone, and he moved with it down Pall Mall towards Whitehall. Thicker every moment, it was a curious blend of stillness and excitement. Down Cockspur Street into Whitehall he was slowly swept, till at the mouth of Downing Street the crowd became solidity itself, and there was no moving. Ten minutes to the hour! Impervious by nature and by training to mob-emotion, Soames yet was emotionalised. Here was something that was not mere mob-sensation—something made up of individual feelings stronger than mere impulse; something to which noise was but embroidery. There was plenty of noise, rumorous, and strident now and again, but it didn't seem to belong to the faces—didn't seem to suit them any more than it suited the stars that winked and waited. All sorts and conditions of men and women, and he cheek by jowl with them—like sardines in a box—and he didn't mind. Civilians, they were, peaceful folk—not a soldier or a sailor in the lot! They had begun to sing 'God Save the King!' His own lips moved; he could not hear himself, and that consoled him. He fixed his eyes on Big Ben. The hands of the bright clock halfway to the stars, crept with incredible slowness. Two minutes more and the thing would begin—the Thing! What would come of it? He couldn't tell, he didn't know. A bad business, a mad business—once in, you couldn't get out—you had to hold on—to the death—to the death! The faces were all turned one way now under the street lights, white faces, from whose open mouths still came that song; and then—Boom! The clock had struck, and cheering rose. Queer thing to cheer for! "Hoora-a-ay!" *The Thing* had started!. . . .

Soames walked away. Had he cheered? He did not seem to know. A little ashamed he walked. Why couldn't he have waited down there on the river, instead of rushing up into the crowd like one of these young clerks or shop fellows? He was glad nobody would know where he had been. As if it did any good for him to get excited; as if it did any good for him to do or get anything at his age! Sixty! He was glad he hadn't got a son. Bad enough to have three nephews. Still, Val was in South Africa and his leg wasn't sound; but Winifred's second son, Benedict—what age was he—thirty? Then there was Cicely's boy—just gone up to Cambridge. All these boys! Some of them would be rushing off to get themselves killed. A bad sad business! And all because—! Exactly! Because of what?

WALKING in a sort of trance he had reached the Ritz. All was fiz-gig in the streets. Waiters stood on the pavement. Ladies of the night talked together excitedly or spoke to policemen as though they had lost their profession. Soames went on down Berkeley Square through quieter streets to his sister's house. Winifred was waiting up for him, still in that half mourning for Montague Dartie, which Soames considered superfluous. As trustee, he had been compelled to learn the true history of that French staircase down which Dartie had reeled to his death, if only to keep it from the rest of the world.

"They tell me war's declared, Soames. Such a relief!"

"Relief! Pretty relief!"

"You know what I mean, dear boy. One never knows what those radicals might have done."

"This'll cost a thousand millions," said Soames, "before it's over. Over? I don't know when it'll be over—the Germans are no joke."

"But surely, Soames, with Russia and ourselves. And they say the French are so good now."

"They'd say anything," said Soames.

"But you're glad, aren't you?"

"Glad we haven't ratted, yes. But it's ruination all round. Where's your boy Benedict?"

Winifred looked up sharply.

"Oh!" she said: "But he's not even a volunteer."

"He will be," said Soames, gloomily.

"Do you really think it's as serious as that, Soames?"

"Serious as hell," answered Soames; "you mark my words."

Winifred was silent for some minutes; on her face, so fashionably composed, was a look as though someone had half drawn up its blind. She said in a small voice:

"I'M thankful dear Val has got his leg. You don't think we shall be invaded, Soames?"

"Not if they keep their heads. All depends on the fleet. They say there's a chap called Jellicoe, but you never know. There are these Zeppelins, too—I shall send Fleur down to school in the west somewhere."

"Ought one to lay in provisions?"

"If everyone does that, there'll be a shortage, and that won't do. The less fuss the better. I shall go down home by the first train. Going to bed, now. Good-night." He kissed the forehead of a face where the blind was still half-drawn down.

He slept well, and was back at Mapledurham before noon. Fleur's greeting, and the bright peace of the river, soothed him, so that he lunched with a certain appetite. On the verandah, afterwards, his head gardener came up.

"They're puttin' off the 'orticultural show this afternoon, Sir. Looks as if the Germans had bitten off more than they can chew, don't you think, Sir?"

"Can't tell," said Soames. Everybody seemed to think it was going to be a picnic, and this annoyed him.

"It's lucky Lord Kitchener's over here," said the gardener, "he'll show them."

"This may last a year and more," said Soames; "no waste of any sort, d'you understand me?"

The gardener looked surprised.

"I thought—"

"Think what you like, but don't waste anything, and grow vegetables. See?"

"Yes, Sir. So you think it's serious, Sir?"

"I do," said Soames.

"Yes, Sir." The gardener moved away; a narrow-headed chap! That was the trouble; hearts were in the right place, but heads were narrow. They said those Germans had big round heads and no backs to them. So they had, if he remembered. He went in and took up "The Times." To read the papers seemed the only thing one could do. While he was sitting there Annette came in. She was flushed and had a ball of wool in her hand.

"Well," he said, over the top of the paper, "are you satisfied now?"

She came across to him.

"Put your paper down, Soames, and let me kiss you."

"What for?" said Soames.

Annette removed "The Times" and sank on his knees. Placing her hands on his shoulders she bent and kissed him.

"Because you have not deserted my country. I am proud of England."

"That's new," said Soames. She was a weight, and

smelled of verbena; "I don't know what we can do," he added, "except at sea."

"Oh! it is everything. We have not our backs on the wall any more; we have our backs on you."

"You certainly have," said Soames; not that it was unpleasant.

Annette rose. She stood, slightly transfigured.

"We shall beat those 'orrible Germans now. Soames, we cannot keep Fräulein, she must go."

"I thought that was coming. Why? It's not her fault."

"To have a German in the house? No!"

"Why not? She's harmless. If you send her away, what'll she do?"

"What she likes, but not in this house. Who knows—she may be a spy."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Oh! you English are so slow—you wait always till the fat is in the fire, as you say."

"I don't see any good in hysteria," muttered Soames.

"They will talk in the neighborhood."

"Let them!"

"I have told her she must go. After the holiday Fleur must go to school. It is no use, Soames, I am not going to keep a German. 'À la guerre comme à la guerre!'"

Soames uttered a sound of profound disapproval. There she went on her high horse! Something deeply just within him was offended, but something sagacious knew that if he opposed her, the situation would become impossible.

"Send her to me, then," he said.

"Do not be sloppee with her," said Annette, and went away.

Sloppy! The word outraged him. Sloppy! He was still brooding over it, when he became conscious that the German governess was in the room.

She was a tall young woman, with a rather high-cheek-boned, high-coloured face, and candid grey eyes, and she stood without speaking, her hands folded one over the other.

"This is a bad business, Fräulein."

"Yes, Mr. Forsyte; Madame says I am to go."

Soames nodded. "The French have very strong feelings. Have you made any arrangements?"

THE young woman shook her head. Soames received an impression of desolation from the gesture.

"What arrangements could I make? No one will want me, I suppose. I wish I had gone back to Germany a week ago. Will they let me now?"

"Why not? This isn't a seaside place. You'd better go up and see the authorities. I'll give you a letter to say you've been quietly down here."

"Thank you, Mr. Forsyte. That is kind."

"*I* don't want you to go," said Soames. "It's all nonsense; but one can't control these things;" and, seeing two tears glistening on her cheek-bones, he added hastily: "Fleur'll miss you. Have you got money?"

"Very little. I send my salary to my old parents."

There it was! Old parents, young children, invalids, and all the rest of it. The pinch! And here he was administering it! A personable young woman, too! Nothing against her except the war! "If I were you," he said slowly, "I shouldn't waste time. I'd go up before they know where they are. There'll be a lot of hysteria. Wait a minute, I'll give you a cheque."

He went to the old walnut bureau, which he had picked up in Reading—a fine piece and a bargain at that. He didn't know what to make the cheque out for—the whole thing was so uncertain. Though she stood there so quietly, he was conscious that her tears were in motion.

"Damn it!" he said, softly, "I shall give you a term's salary and fifteen pounds in cash for your journey. If they won't let you go, let me know when you come to the end of it."

The young woman raised her clasped hands.

"I don't want to take money, Mr. Forsyte."

"Nonsense," said Soames; "you'll take what I give you. It's all against my wish. You ought to be staying, in my opinion. What's it to do with women?"

He signed his name with a certain venom, and went towards her with the cheque and notes.

"I'll send you to the station. Go up and see the authorities this very afternoon; and while you get ready I'll write that letter."

The young woman bent and kissed his hand. Such a thing had never happened to him before, and he didn't know that he ever wanted it to happen again.

"There, there!" he said, and turning back to the bureau, wrote:

SIR,

The bearer of this, Fräulein Schmalz, has been governess to my daughter for the last eighteen months. I can testify to her character and attainments. She has lived quietly at my house at Mapledurham all the time with the exception of one or two holidays spent, I believe, in Wales. Fräulein Schmalz wishes to return to Germany, and I trust you will afford her every facility. I enclose my card and am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

SOAMES FORSYTE.

HE then telephoned for a car, having refused so far to have one of his own—tearing great things, always getting out of order.

When the machine arrived, he went out into the hall to wait for the young woman to come down. Fleur and a little friend had gone off to some wood or other; Annette was in the garden and would stay there, he shouldn't wonder; he didn't want the young woman to go off without a hand to shake.

First they brought down a shiny foreign trunk, then a handbag, and a little roll with an umbrella stuck through it. The young woman came last. Her eyes were red. The whole thing suddenly seemed to Soames extraordinarily barbarous. To be thrown out at a moment's notice like this because her confounded Kaiser's military cut-throats had lost their senses! It wasn't English!

"Here's the letter. You can get the cheque cashed to-morrow at my bank in Pall Mall. You'd better stay at that hotel near Victoria until you go. Good-bye, then; I'm very sorry, but you'll be more comfortable at home while the war's on."

He shook her gloved hand, and perceiving that his own was again in danger, withdrew it hastily.

"Give Fleur a kiss for me, please, Sir."

"I will. She'll be sorry to have missed you. Well, good-bye!" He was terrified that she would begin crying again, or attempt to thank him, and he added hastily: "You'll have a nice drive." As a fact he doubted it, for in fancy he could see her oozing into her handkerchief all the way.

The luggage was in now, and so was she. The car was making the usual noises. Soames, in the doorway, lifted his hand, twiddling it towards her turned red face.

Her lip was drooping, she wore a scared expression. He gave her a wan smile, and turned back into the house. Too bad!

III

RUMOURS! Soames would never have believed that people could be such fools. Rumours of naval engagements, rumours of spies, rumours of Russians. Take, for instance, his meeting with the village schoolmistress outside the school.

"Have you heard the terrible news, Mr. Forsyte?"

Soames' hair stood up under his hat.

"No; what's that?"

"Oh! there's been a dreadful battle at sea. We've lost six battleships. Isn't it awful?"

Soames' fists clenched themselves in his pockets.

"Who told you that?"

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[SOAMES AND THE FLAG
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"It's all over the village. Six ships—isn't it terrible?"

"What did the Germans lose?"

"Twelve!"

Soames almost jumped.

"Twelve! Then the war's over. What do you mean—terrible—why, it's the best news we could have!"

"Oh! but six of our own ships—it's awful!"

"War is awful," said Soames. "But if this is true—" He left her abruptly and made for the Post Office. It was not true, of course. Nothing was true. Not even his own suspicions. Take, for instance, those two square-shouldered men in straw hats whom he met walking down a lane with their feet at right angles, as Englishmen never walked. Germans, and spies into the bargain, or he was a Dutchman; especially as his telephone went out of order that very afternoon. And of course they turned out to be two Americans staying at Pangbourne on a holiday, and the wire had been affected by a thunderstorm. But what were you to think, when the newspapers were full of spy stories, and the very lightning was apparently in the German secret service. As to mirrors in daylight and matches after dark, they were in obvious communication with the German fleet in the Kiel Canal, or wherever it was. Time and again Soames would say:

"Bunkum! The whole thing's weak-minded!" Only to feel himself weak-minded the next moment. Look at those two hundred thousand Russians whom everybody was seeing in trains all over the country. They turned out to be eggs, and probably addled at that; but how could you help believing in them, especially when you wanted to! And then the authorities told you nothing; dumb as oysters; as if that were the way to treat an Englishman—it only made him fancy things. And there was Mons. They couldn't even let you know about the army, except that it was heroic, and had killed a lot of Germans, and was marching backwards in order to put the finishing touch to them. That was about all one heard, till suddenly one found it was touch and go whether Paris could be saved, and the French Government had packed their traps and gone off to Bordeaux. And all the time nothing to do but read the papers, which he couldn't believe, and listen to the click of Annette's needles. And then came the news of the battle of the Marne, and he could breathe again.

HE breathed freely—he had gone weeks, it seemed to him, without taking a deep breath. People were saying it was the beginning of the end, and the Allies—he himself had always called it Allies—and why not?—would soon be in Germany now. He wanted to believe this so much, that he said he didn't believe a word of it, much as when, the weather looking fine, he would take his umbrella to make sure. And then, forsooth, they went and dug themselves in! This beginning of warfare which was to last four years, produced but moderate premonition in his mind. There was a certain relief in the immobility of things after the plunging excitement of Mons and the Marne. He continued to read the papers, shake his head, and invest in War Loan. His nephew Benedict was training for a Commission in Kitchener's army; Cicely's boy, also, had joined up, as they called it. He supposed they had to. Annette had said several times that she wanted to go to France and be a nurse. It was all her fancy. She could do much more good by knitting and being economical.

Presently he took Fleur down to her school in the west; and not much too early, for the Zeppelins became busy soon after. In regard to their exploits, he displayed a somewhat natural perversity, for though he had taken his daughter down to a remote region to avoid them, he thought people made much too much fuss about them altogether. From a top window in his Club he was privileged to see one of them burst into flames. He said nothing and was glad of it afterwards—some of his fellow-members had shown their feelings, and those not all they should be. There was provocation, no doubt; but, after all, the crew were being burned alive. Generally speaking, while the war dragged on, the reality of it was kept from him most efficiently, not only by the Government, the papers, and his age, but by a sort of barrage put up by himself from within himself. There the thing was, and what was the use of making more of it than he absolutely had to? If one ever came to the end, one might indulge one's feelings, perhaps. And always the doings at sea, the adventures and misadventures of ships, impinged on him with a poignancy absent from the events on land. Of all that happened in the early part of the war, the bombardment of Scarborough affected him, perhaps, most painfully. It was like a half-arm jab above the heart. His pride was stunned. The notion that ships had dared to come so near as to throw shells into English houses and not been sunk for doing it, was peculiarly horrible to him. What would they be doing next? He had a continual longing for something definite at sea, some sign there of British superiority, as if "Rule Britannia" had got into the composition of his blood. The sinking of the "Lusitania" gave him at first much the same shock that it gave everyone else, but when he heard people abusing the Americans for not declaring war at once, he felt that they were extravagant. The Americans were a long way off—to talk about their being in danger was as good as saying that England was going to be defeated; which, curiously, considering his constitutional apprehensiveness, Soames never could believe. He had a sort of deep feeling, indeed, that he did not want to be rescued by America or anybody else. But these feelings were curiously mixed up with another feeling that if England had, like America, lost a lot of English people drowned like that, she would have gone to war like a shot, and with his approval, into the bargain.

And out there the Ge

Early in 1915, owing to depletion of the office staff, he had gone back into regular harness at Cuthcott Kingson and Forsyte's. He worked there, harder than he had ever worked. In view of national anxieties the legal issues he was dealing with often seemed to him "petty," but he dealt with them conscientiously; they took his mind off, and incidentally gave him more money to invest

reaking through! He sat listening, as if—as if one could hear the guns all that way off.

in War Loan. After the second battle of Ypres, he had contributed an ambulance, and had the exquisite discomfort of seeing his name in the papers. When in the train, going up and down, or at lunch time in his City Club, he listened to elderly wiseacres discussing the conduct of the war, the nature of Germans, politicians, Americans, and other reprehensible characters, he would look exactly as if he were going to sniff.

'WHAT do they know about it,' he would think, 'talking through their hats like that—it's un-English.' There was so much in those days that was hysterical and 'un-English'; the papers encouraged it with their "intern-the-Hun" and other "stunts," as they called everything now-a-days. If ever there were a time when mouths required shutting, it was now; and there they were, spluttering and bawling all over the place.

In these ways, then, nearly two years passed before in his paper that June morning he read the first official account of the battle of Jutland. Taking the journal in his hand so that no one else should see it till he himself had recovered, he passed out of the drawing-room window on to the dewy lawn, and walked blindly towards the river. There was a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. Standing there bare-headed in the sunshine and the peace of leaves and water, with birds all round as if nothing had happened, he tried to get hold of himself. Almost a sense of panic he had. A real battle at last, and all those losses! Under a poplar tree he read the account again. The sting was in the head of it; the tail was all right! Why couldn't they have reversed the order and begun with the fact that the Germans had run for home? What had possessed them to make him feel so bad? It was a victory even if we *had* lost all those ships. A blundering lot—making the worst of it like that! It was like being shot by your own side. Tell the truth—yes; but not so as to give you a

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[SOAMES AND THE FLAG
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stomach-ache, where there was no need for it. He went back to breakfast with his jaw set.

"There's been a big battle at sea," he said to Annette; "we lost a lot of ships, but the Germans cut and ran for it. I shouldn't be surprised if they never come out again." Thus out of instinctive perversity did he foretell the future.

The rest of the day and the day after, further reports confirmed his resentment with the authorities for making him suffer like that. What on earth had they been about! They kept all sorts of things from you, and then when they had what really amounted to good news, blurted it out as if it were a disaster.

The death of Kitchener a few days later, though lowering to his temperature, had not the same staggering effect. He had done a lot for the country, and looked like a lion in a Zoo, but in the ebb and flow of world events even his great figure seemed small.

TOWARDS the end of 1916 he had a curious little personal experience which affected him more than he would have admitted, so that he never mentioned it. This was in the train going up to London. From patriotic motives he was at that time travelling third, but on this particular morning, the train being full, he got into a first-class compartment, occupied by a young officer in uniform with his military kit in the rack above, and a pretty young woman whose eyes were red. From behind his paper Soames felt that if they were not married, they ought to be, for they were mutually occupied with each other's eyes and hands and lips. At stations where their occupation had to cease he observed them round his nose. The pallid desperation of the young man's face and the look in the girl's reddened eyes gave him definite discomfort. Here was a case of impending separation, with all the tragic foreboding, and utter grief of war-time partings such as were taking place millionfold all over the world. It was the first Soames had seen, close up, and far more painful than he had realised. They were locked in a desperate embrace when the train ran in to Westbourne Park. The girl was evidently to get out here, and seemed incapable of doing so. She stood swaying with the tears running down her face. The young officer wrenched the door open and almost pushed her out. Her face, looking up from the platform, was so intensely wretched that it made Soames sore. The train moved on, the young officer flung himself back into his corner with a groan. Soames looked out of the opposite window. For a whole minute even after the train had reached Paddington, he continued to gaze in at a deserted carriage alongside. At last, grasping his umbrella, he evacuated the now empty compartment and getting into a taxi, uttered the word "Poultry" in a gruff voice. He was gruff all day. All over the world it was like that—a shocking business! And yet, by now, people seemed more concerned about their sugar and butter rations than about the war itself. Air-raids, ships being sunk, and what they could get to eat, were all people thought about—except, of course, dancing in night clubs and making up their faces. In all his life he had never seen so many made-up faces as he saw now. In coming from the office late and passing down the Strand, every woman he met seemed like the street women he used to see in his younger days. Paint and powder, with khaki alongside!

And so 1917 went by, and Fleur was getting a big girl. He had good reports of her—she was quick at lessons and games; it was some comfort. At her school down in the west, he gathered, they heard and saw very little of the war; and in the holidays he kept her at home as much as he could. There were few signs of war at Mapledurham, though of course khaki was everywhere. When conscription came in, Soames had shaken his head. He didn't know what the newspapers were about. The thing was un-English. Once it was introduced, however, he supposed it was the only thing. All the same, he never approved of the way they bullied those conscientious objectors. He had no sympathy with the fellows' consciences, of course, but the idea of harassing your fellow-countrymen at a time like this, repelled him; all his native individualism, too, remained in secret revolt against the slave-driving which had become the everyday procedure of abominable times. He had lost two gardeners in the opening year, and now they took the other two and left him with an old man and a boy, so that he often took a spud and dug up weeds himself; while Annette killed slugs with a French mixture. In the house he had never had anything but maids, so that they couldn't take the butler he hadn't got, which was some consolation. But if he'd had a car, they'd have taken his chauffeur. He felt he could have lost the lot with composure, if they'd gone of their own free will, but he would not have urged their going. Some reticent, secret belief in the sanctity of private feelings, even feelings about the country, would have prevented him. They had a right, he supposed, to their own ideas about things. If he, himself, had been under forty, he supposed he would have gone—though the mere notion gave him a pain below the ribs, so crude, so brutal, and so empty did all this military business appear to him; but he was not prepared to tell anybody else to go. His retention of this kind of delicacy made him lonelier than ever in the City, in the Club, and in trains, where most people seemed prepared to tell anybody to do anything. Soames himself was almost ashamed of it; after all, you couldn't carry on a war without ordering people about. And he tried to conduct himself so that people shouldn't suspect him of this weakness. But on one occasion it led him into a serious tiff with his cousin George Forsyte at the "Iseeum" Club. George, just a year younger than himself, had, it appeared, gone in for recruiting down in Hampshire; while spending the week-ends in town "to enjoy the air-raids," as he put it. Soames suspected him of enjoying something else, besides. Catching sight of George, then, one Saturday afternoon, sitting in the bow window of the "Iseeum," Soames had inadvertently returned his greeting and was beckoned up

"HAVE a drink?" said George: "No? Some tea, then; you can have my sugar."

His japing, heavy-lidded eyes took Soames in from top to toe.

"You're thin as a lath," he said: "What are you doing—breeding for the country?"

Soames drew up the corner of his lip.

"That's not funny," he said tartly. "What are you doing?"

"Getting chaps killed. You'd better take to it, too. The blighters want driving, now."

"Thank you," said Soames; "not in my line."

George grinned.

"Too squeamish?"

"If you like."

"What's your general game, then?"

"Minding my own business," said Soames.

"Making the wills, eh?"

Soames put his cup down, and took his hat up. He had never disliked George more than at that moment.

"Don't get your shirt out," said George; "somebody must make the wills. You might make mine, by the way—equal shares to Roger, Eustace and Francie. Executors yourself and Eustace. Come and do an air-raid with me one night. Did you see St. John Hayman's boy was killed? They say the Huns are preparing a big push for the spring."

Soames shrugged.

"Good-bye," he said; "I'll send you a draft of your will."

"Pitch it short," said George, "and have me roasted. No bones by request."

Soames nodded, and went out.

A big push! Would they never tire of making mincemeat of the world? He had often been tempted towards the Lansdowne attitude; but some essential bull-dog within him had always stirred and growled. An end that was no end—after all this, it wouldn't do! Hold on—until! For never, at the worst moments, had he believed that England could be beaten.

In March 1918 he had been laid up at Mapledurham with a chill and was only just out again, when the big German " Push " began. It came with a suddenness that shook him to the marrow, and induced the usual longing to get away somewhere by himself. He went up rather slowly on to a bit of commonland, and sat down on his overcoat among gorse bushes. It was peaceful and smelled of spring; a lark was singing. And out there the Germans were breaking through! A sort of prayer went up from him while he sat in the utter peace of the mild day. He had heard so many times that we were ready for it; and now we weren't, it seemed. Always the way! Too cock-sure! He sat listening, as if—as if one could hear the guns all that way off. The man down at the lock was reported to have heard them once. All me eye! You couldn't! Couldn't you? Wasn't that—? Nonsense! He lay back and put his ear to the ground, but only the whisper of a very gentle wind came to him, and the hum of a wild bee wending to some blossom of the gorse. A better sound than that of guns. And then the first chime of the village church bell tingled his ears. There they would soon be sitting and kneeling and thinking about the break-through, and the parson would offer up a special prayer for the destruction of Germans — he shouldn't wonder. Well, it was destroy or be destroyed—it all came back to that. Funny thing, life—living on life, or rather on death! According to the latest information, all matter was alive, and every shape lived on some other shape, or at least on the elements of shape. The earth was nothing but disintegrated shape, out of which came more shapes and you ate them, and then you disintegrated and gave rise to shapes, and somebody ate them, and so it went on. In spite of the break-through, he could not help being glad to be alive after a fortnight cooped up in the house. His sense of smell, too, so long confined to eau-de-cologne, was very keen this morning; he could smell the gorse—a scent more delicate than most, 'the scent of gorse far-blown from distant hill,' he'd read somewhere. And to think that out there his countrymen were struggling and dying, and being blown to smithereens—young fellows, from his office, from his garden, from every English office and garden to save England—to save the world, they said—but that was flim-flam! And, perhaps, after all these horrible four years they wouldn't save England! Drawing his thin legs under him, he sat staring down towards the river where his home lay. Yes, they would save England, if it meant putting another ten years on to the conscription age, or taking the age limit off altogether. England under a foreigner? Not for Joe! He scrabbled with his hand, brought up a fistful of earth, and mechanically put it to his nose. It smelled exactly as it should smell—of earth, and gave him ever so queer and special a sensation. English Earth! H'm! Earth was earth, whether in England or in Timbuctoo! Funny to give your life for what smelled exactly like his mushroom house. You put a name to a thing and went and died for it! There was a lark singing—very English bird, cheery and absent-minded, singing away without knowing a thing about anything and caring less, he supposed. The bell had ceased to toll for service. If people thought God was particularly interested in England, they were mistaken. He wouldn't do a thing about it! People had to do things for themselves, and if they didn't, that was the end. Take those submarines. Leave them to God and see what happened—one would be eating one's fantails before one could say Jack Robinson!

The mild air and a slant of March sunlight gently warmed his cheek pale from too much contact with a pillow. And —out there! If ever this thing ended, he would come up here again and see what it was like without an ache under his fifth rib. A nice spot—open and high. And now he would have to get back to the house and they would give him chicken broth, and he would have to listen to Annette saying that the English never saw an inch before their noses—which as a matter of fact they didn't—and tell her that they did. A weary business when you felt as he felt about this news. He rose. Twelve o'clock. They'd have finished praying now and got to the sermon. He pitied that parson preaching about the Philistines, he shouldn't wonder! There were the jawbones of asses about, plenty, but not a Samson among the lot of them. The gorse—it was early—looked pretty blooming round him—when the gorse was out of bloom, kissing was out of fashion. He wondered idly what had to go out of bloom before killing was out of fashion. There was a hawk! He stood and watched it hover and swoop sideways, and the red glint of it, till again it rested hovering on the air; then slowly in the pale sunlight he wended his way down towards the river.

The Flag! Terrible thing—sublime and terrible—the Flag!

IV

JULY came. The "break-through" had long been checked, the fronts repaired, Foch was in supreme command. Soames didn't know—perhaps it was necessary, but Annette's undisguised relief was unpleasant to him, and so far as he could see, things were going on as interminably as before. It was to Winifred that he spoke the words which definitely changed the fortunes of the world.

" We shall never win," he said, " I despair of it. The men are all right, but leaders! There isn't one among the lot—I despair of it." No one had ever heard him talk like that before, or use such a final word. The morning papers on the following day were buoyant with the news that the German offensive against the French had been stopped and that Mangin had broken through. From that day on the Allies, as Soames still called them, never looked back.

Those interested in such questions will pause, perhaps to consider whether Soames—like so many other people—really won the war, or whether it was that in him some hidden sensibility received in advance of the newspapers the impact of events and put up the instantaneous contradiction natural from one so individualistic. Whichever is true, the relief he felt at having his dictum contradicted was extraordinary. For the first time in three years he spent the following Sunday afternoon in his picture gallery. The French were advancing, the English were waiting to advance, the Americans were crossing the Atlantic—some, indeed, had crossed already; the air-raids had ceased; the sub-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SOAMES AND THE FLAG
Continued from page seventeen]

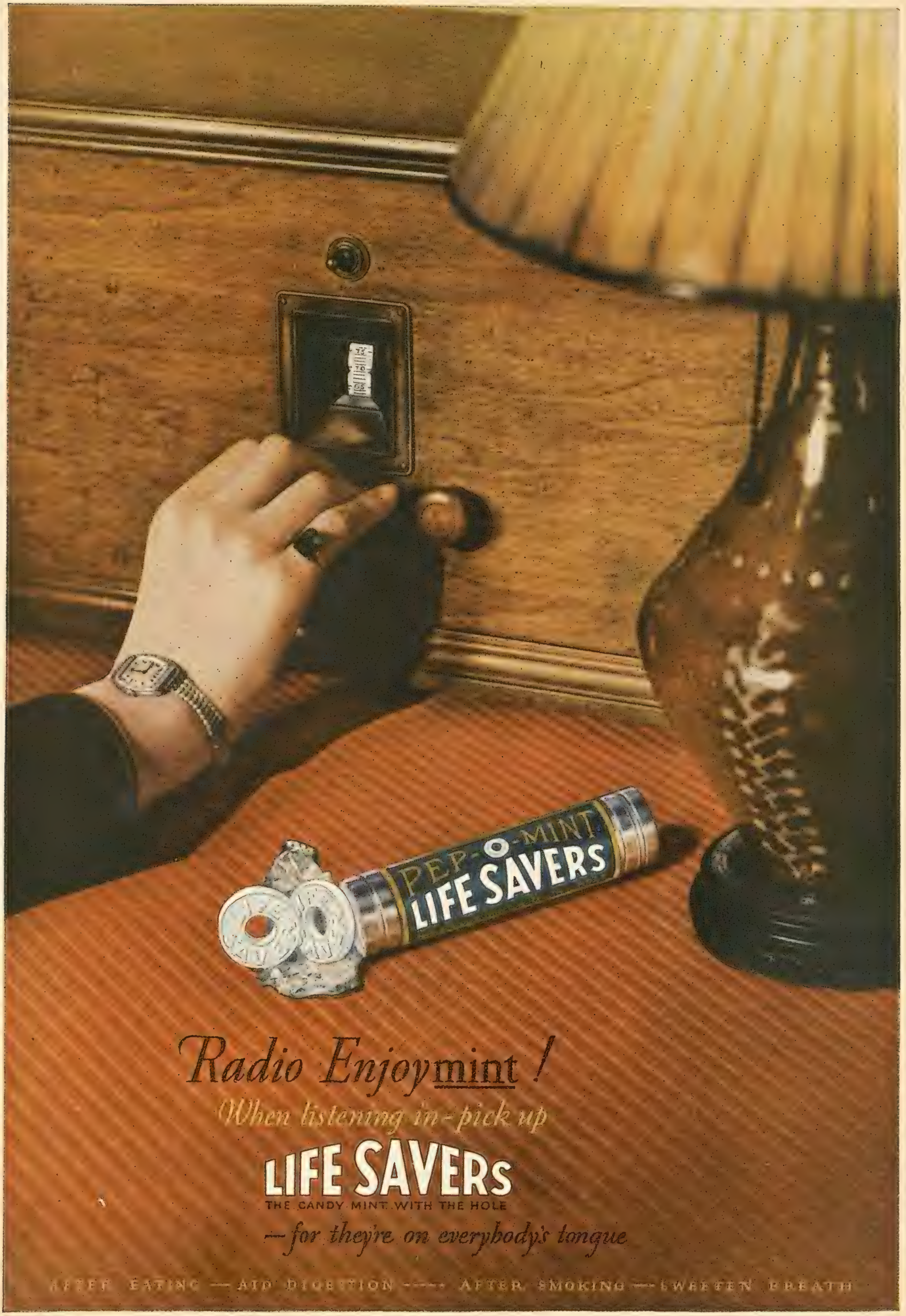
marines were beaten. And it all seemed to have happened in two days. While he stood looking at his Goya and turning over photographs of pictures in the Prado, a notion came to him. In that painting of Goya's called "La Vendimia," the girl with the basket on her head reminded him of Fleur. There was really quite a resemblance. If the war ever stopped, he would commission an artist to make him a copy of that Goya girl—the colouring, if he remembered rightly, was very agreeable. It would remind him of pleasant things—his daughter and his visit to the Prado before he bought Lord Burlingford's 'Goya' in 1910. A notion so utterly unconnected with the war had not occurred to him for years—it was almost like a blessing, with its suggestion of life apart from battle and murder, and once more connected with Dumetrius. And ringing the bell, he ordered a jug of claret cup. He drank very little of it, but it gave him a feeling that was almost Victorian. What had that fellow Jolyon, and Irene, done with themselves all these war years? Had they sweated in their shoes and lost weight as he had done—he hoped so! Their boy, if he remembered, would be of military age next year; for the thousandth time he was glad that Fleur had disappointed him and been a girl. That day was, on the whole, the happiest he had spent since he bought his James Maris in July 1914. . . . .

HE began now to put on weight slowly, for though the battles went on, anxious and bloody, the movement was always in the right direction, of which he had despaired just in time. The enemy was caving-in; the Bulgarians, the Turks, soon the Austrians would go—they said. And all the time the Americans were swarming over. Soames met their officers in London on his way to and from the City. They wore khaki with high collars and sometimes pince-nez—they must feel very uncomfortable; but they seemed in good spirits and had everything money could buy—which was the great thing. He often thought what he would do when the end came. Some men would get drunk, he supposed; others would lose their heads and probably their hats; but so far as he could see, there didn't seem to be any adequate way of expressing what he himself would feel. He thought of Brighton, and of fishing in a punt; he thought of taking train down to Fleur's school and taking train back; he thought of standing in a crowd opposite Downing Street, as he had stood when the thing began. Nothing seemed satisfactory. Then the Austrians gave up. Somehow he had never thought that he had actually been at war with the Austrians—they were an amiable lot, with too many archdukes. And now that they were down and out, and the archdukes done with, he felt quite sorry for them. People were saying it had been a question of days. Soames didn't know. The Germans always seemed to have something up their sleeves. They had been marvellous fighters—no good saying they hadn't—in fact, they had fought too well altogether. He shouldn't be surprised if they tried to destroy London at the last minute. And with unconscious perversity he took up his quarters with Winifred in Green Street. On the ninth of November he had his sixty-fourth birthday there—fortunately no one remembered it; he never could bear receiving presents and being wished many happy returns, such nonsense! Everybody was sure now that it was all over bar the shouting. Soames, however, said: "You mark my words—they'll try a big air-raid before they finish." Terms for an Armistice were being prepared, it was rumoured that they would be signed at any moment. Soames shook his head. He was sufficiently in two minds, however, not to go to the City on November 11th, and was seated in the dining-room at Green Street, when there came the sound of maroons which always preluded an air-raid. What had he told them? It would be a quarter-of-an-hour or more before the raid began. He would put his nose out, and see what they were up to. The street was empty but for an old woman—charlady she seemed to be—standing with a duster in her hand on the doorstep of the next house. Soames was struck by her face. It wore a smile such as a poet might have called ecstatic. She waved her duster at him, and then—most peculiar—began to wipe her eyes with it. Sound rolled into the street from Park Lane—cheering, gusts of it, waves of cheering. Soames saw other people rushing out of houses. One of them threw his hat down and danced on it. It couldn't be an air-raid then—no man would do that for an air-raid. Why! Why—of course—it was the Armistice! *At last!* And very quietly, trembling all over, Soames muttered: "Thank God!" For a moment he was tempted to hurry down towards Park Lane whence the sound of cheering came. Then, suddenly, the idea seemed to him vulgar. He walked back into the house and slammed the door. Going into the dining-room, he sat down in an armchair which had its back to everything. He sat there without movement except that he breathed as if he had been running. His lips kept quivering. It was queer. And then—he never admitted it to a soul—tears ran out of his eyes and rolled on to his stiff collar. He would not have believed them possible and he let them roll. The long, long Thing—it was over. All over! Then suddenly, feeling that if he didn't take care he would have to change his collar, he took out his pocket handkerchief. This confession of his emotion acted like a charm. The moisture ceased, and removing all trace of it, he leaned back with eyes closed. For some time he stayed like that, as if at the end of a long day's work. The clamour of bells and rejoicing penetrated the closed room, but Soames sat with his head sunk on his chest, still quivering all over. It was as if age-long repression of his feelings were taking revenge in this long, relaxed, quivering immobility. Out there, they would be dancing and shouting; laughing and drinking; praying and weeping. And Soames sat and quivered.

HE got up at last and going to the sideboard, helped himself to a glass of his dead father's old brown sherry. Then taking his overcoat and umbrella, he went out—he didn't know why, nor whither on earth.

He walked through quiet streets towards Piccadilly. When he passed people they smiled at him, and he didn't like it—having to smile back. Some seemed to toss remarks at the air as they passed—talking to themselves, or to God, or what not. Every now and then somebody ran. He reached Piccadilly and didn't like it either—full of lorries and omnibuses crowded with people all cheering and behaving like fools. He crossed it, as quickly as possible, and went down through the Green Park, past the crowds in front of Buckingham Palace. He walked on to the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament—crowds there—crowds everywhere! He skirted them and kept on along the Embankment—he didn't know why and he didn't know where. From Blackfriars he moved up Citywards and reached Ludgate Hill. And suddenly he knew where he was going—St. Paul's! There stood the dome, curved massive against the grey November sky, huge above the stir of flags and traffic, silent in the din of cheering and of bells. He walked up the steps and went in. He hadn't been since the war began, and his visit now had no connection with God. He went because it was big and old and empty, and English, and because it reminded him. He walked up the aisle and stood looking at the roof of the dome. Christopher Wren! Good old English name! Good old quiet English stones and bones! No more sudden death, no more bombs, no more drowning ships, no more poor young devils taken from home and killed! Peace! He stood with his hands folded on the handle of his umbrella and his left knee flexed as if standing at ease; on his restrained pale face upturned was a look wistful and sardonic. Rivers of blood and tears! Why? A gleam of colour caught his eye. Flags! They couldn't do without them even here! The Flag! Terrible thing—sublime and terrible—the Flag!

THE END



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AFTER EATING — AID DIGESTION ——— AFTER SMOKING — SWEETEN BREATH

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WAHL-EVERSHARP *Personal-Point* FOUNTAIN PENS

Made possible by a revolutionary invention, *the Interchangeable Nib*

The point that exactly suits your writing stroke and the holder that exactly suits your taste—permanently assembled by the dealer in an instant—YOUR PERSONAL PEN

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Now, for the first time, a perfected personalized writing instrument made possible by a new Wahl-Eversharp invention, the INTERCHANGEABLE NIB

Now—a fountain pen with point that writes exactly as you like it to, because you personally select the exact point you want, and *see* it instantly, permanently fitted into a holder of the size, style and color you prefer.

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Your writing angle, your writing pressure, the flexibility of point, the adjustment of ink flow—all determine whether or not a fountain pen pleases you.

Only the Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pen with its Interchangeable Nibs, in 14 different classifications of points, with many varying degrees of flexibility and variations in ink flow, offers you this wide range in points from which to select your personal pen.

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Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pens are identified by the Gold Seal of quality, and are unconditionally guaranteed against defects.

Five to Ten Dollars

"IMAGINE that! Me give my baby a dead man's name! God! I hope it's a girl!"

SOB Story

A Pensive Chronicle About $3,000 and a Delicate Subject

By

IMOGENE STANLEY

and

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

OUR auto turned sharply in toward the curb, almost amputating a policeman who had intended to cross toward the East River. He jumped back to the sidewalk before we could do more than scrape his acquaintance. He looked at us, more in anger than sorrow. But what did Doherty care? At that moment—

A policeman by the river's brim
A plain policeman was to him;
And nothing more.

However, he decided that the policeman, being there, might as well be interviewed. So, "Officer," he began, "do you know any widow in an—er—well, in an interesting condition?"

"If I did," said the policeman, "I'd run her in. As for you, you day-dreaming egg-roller, you seem to be in an interesting condition yourself. You—"

Disappointed at his attitude, we left him at once. We almost took his hand with us—for a memento. He had carelessly left it on the forward door. But we could do without it.

We, the best and most beautiful reporters in all the five boroughs (Doherty's Note: I am not beautiful, but how appreciative!), were off again on our quest for widows: the most exciting, the most haunting, the most thrilling assignment ever peddled by a New York newspaper.

We had spent two busy weeks trying to run down a widow willing to take $1,000 from us. And the nearest we had come to it was almost running over the policeman. We were frantic.

We had worked with telephone and auto. We had questioned nurses and midwives and doctors and charity workers. We had questioned police and firemen and undertakers and waitresses and girls in department stores and the executives of insurance companies. We had even stopped a mailman on his rounds.

"Do you know a widow who is going to have a baby soon?" we asked.

"Special delivery?" he inquired.

And then—but let us tell you what it's all about.

It was a Sunday night in the office of the New York Daily News—a long time ago. The local room was quiet. The tickers were at ease. The first edition had been put to bed—which means that 100,000 words had been whittled into about 6,000 and put in the paper—among the pictures.

The hired help was just sitting around: the desk men wishing for a juicy murder, or a low scandal in high

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society; the star reporter trying to borrow a dollar for grub; the office boy typing with heavy hands a light letter to his girl; the cub laboriously figuring out how much he dared put on the swindle sheet; Miss Stanley waiting for "good night"; Doherty phoning his wife that he was coming home at once.

Just one of those dismal Sunday nights when nothing happens. But this night came the editor with an Idea. Beware of editors bringing Ideas! They may smile—but they mean nobody any good.

We knew, of course, that the paper was down to its last million and a half daily circulation, and that it was up to the editor to do something about it; but not until he called us into his office did we know it was really up to us.

"I want you to find me three widows," the editor began.

"Ah, the widow's mite stuff," Doherty guessed.

"The widows might stuff what?" asked the editor, honestly puzzled. "Listen. One must be an Irish Catholic." He counted her on his little finger. "One must be a Jewess." Up went another finger. "And, if it is possible there is one in New York, the third must be a Protestant."

We stared at his three fingers. Now, in any sign language you ever heard of, three fingers means just one thing. In this instance, however, it didn't mean that at all.

"Each of these women is about to have a baby. And she will have it in about two weeks. No later than that. Two weeks after you write the first story.

"Catholics, Protestants, Jews—they are New York. They are the readers of the Daily News. And they like to name babies. At least the women do. Wouldn't you like to name a baby, Miss Stanley?"

"Is it like christening a ship?" 'Gene asked. "I won't break any bottles on a baby's head. I think it's brutal—and a sinful waste."

"Aren't you thinking of baptism?" the editor asked with a superior smile. "Well, as I say, each of these widows is in an—er—in an interesting condition. Know what I mean? Baby coming. You find them—the widows, of course—and pay them one thousand dollars for the privilege of naming their offspring. Take care of the kid—all expenses.

"A fifty-fifty proposition. We help three destitute mothers. They help us. Catholics, Jews, and Protestants will read your stories—and tell all their friends and relatives. We get more readers. Imagine how each reader will play his own favorite, eh? The Irish will want to call the Irish baby Pat, or maybe Patricia. The Jews—but you see the plot, don't you?"

We started reeling out.

"WAIT!" he shouted. "You two will be Mr. and Mrs. Doherty until this thing's over."

"But we're not even engaged," said 'Gene.

"And I've been married eight years," said Doherty.

"What of it? This is a marriage of convenience. You have to be a married couple in order to talk delicately to widows in this—er—interesting condition, see?"

"But married in these clothes!" exclaimed 'Gene. "And without a wedding ring?"

"I don't mind committing a little bigamy for my paper," Doherty protested, "but all my wives must wear my ownership ring. I'll get one for 'Gene and stick it on the old expense account, eh?"

"And I need an engagement ring too," 'Gene said. "A plain blue-white stone in a plain platinum setting would do."

"Wear gloves," the editor suggested generously.

He raised those three highball fingers in a sort of "bless you, my children" gesture, gave us a cheery smile for a wedding present, and wished that all our troubles would be—babies!

"We'll get a lot of names from the charity organizations," Doherty remarked, after letting his wife know of his new marriage.

"And from nurses at the prenatal clinics, and from undertakers," said 'Gene.

"And midwives. Why, the town is reeking with widows—expectant widows."

THE private office of Miss Took, one of the supervisors of a great charity organization. A most pleasant place. Miss Took—of course her name isn't Miss Took; nobody's name is Miss Took—a slender, severe, and rather scandalized woman, sits across from her superior, Mr. Umpchay—and there is no name like that, either.

Mr. Umpchay has thin lips and ruffled wispy hair. When he talks his Adam's apple beats time. What a nice time Mr. Umpchay could have bobbing for Adam's apples!

MISS TOOK: "The idea! Interviewing our widows on such a delicate and sacred subject! Taking away their self-respect. Charity? Charity indeed! We never use the word charity in this organization!"

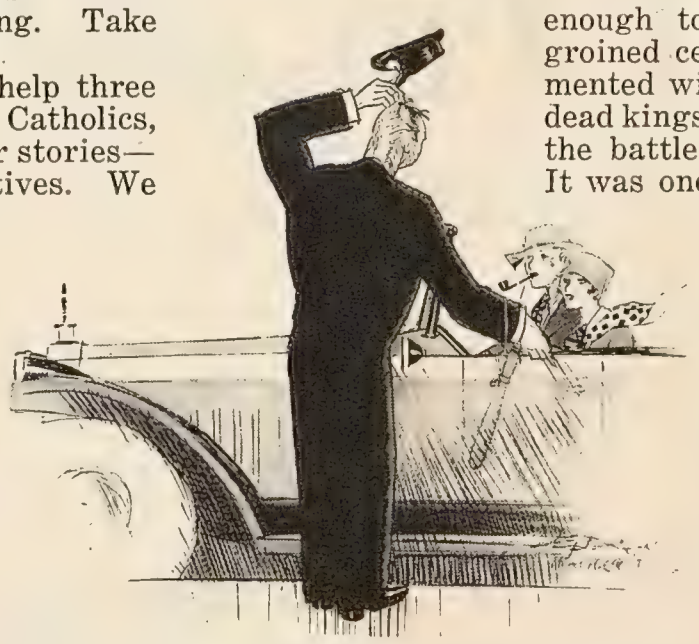
Outside the office a heavy battery of typewriters has gone into action. Cases, cases, cases! Reports, investigations, notes, letters, affidavits, classification. Charity? Nonsense! The word is Efficiency.

MISS TOOK continues: "And if we thought any of our widows ought to have a thousand dollars, we'd give it to them. But we don't think so. No, the Daily News has done a lot of good for the poor. But this idea—why, the idea!"

MR. UMPCHAY: "Suppose we placed you in touch with one of our widows—and one of our directors learned of it! My goodness!"

MISS STANLEY: "How would they find out? We won't mention your name."

MISS TOOK: "Oh, it would be all right to mention the name of the organization in your paper. That's good publicity for a worthy cause. But—in some other way. You might give scholarships, and mention us, eh?"



"Officer, do you know any widow in an—er—well, in an interesting condition?"

The office of another charity organization—a room big enough to hide a squadron of cavalry; a groined ceiling; stained-glass windows ornamented with the figures and names of magic dead kings; the walls hung with the crests and the battle flags of historic mighty families. It was once the "armorial ballroom" of one of New York's greatest society leaders.

The reverend gentleman in charge loves the glamour and the richness and the beauty of this room. He finds it restful to come here from the mean homes of his poor.

The reverend gentleman has a secret joke in his eyes. Life's been great to him. He grins like a boy, especially when he's slangiest. And he sure slings a mean slang. No kidding.

"Nix," he says. "That's out. You are exploiting the poor. You are letting them hold the bag. You are turning a widow's self-respect into circulation. I'm not getting sucked in on the idea at all. Another New York paper had something like this stunt a couple of years ago. Turned a lot of sob stuff into gold for a poor family—and ruined it. Couple of young fluffs in this family. They got light-headed and blew in a pile of jack for fur coats and pretty rags. One of them married unfortunately, and ended up in the courts. We're helping her family now. What do you think of that?"

"I think she would have married unfortunately anyway," Miss Stanley answers. "And I think perhaps that fur coat brought her the greatest thrill of her life."

"But, my dear Mrs. Doherty, you haven't the professional view at all. I don't blame you, when even the clergy get soft-hearted once in a while. But the charities

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Be There!

The SPARTON *EQUASONNE*

will give you

"FRONT ROW THRILL"

Again Sparton dealers invite you to a sensational radio demonstration. In the new *EQUASONNE* instruments, introduced early in June at the Chicago Radio Show, they present the famous Sparton Voice developed to a perfection that is astounding even in a Sparton.

It is LIVING. It is VIVID. It has that magnetic charm we call PERSONALITY. To listen is to step into the picture yourself . . . to SEE and to FEEL, as well as to listen.

Radio enters a new phase. Face-to-face you meet your announcer or the artist . . . clearly you see the scene and action . . . thrillingly you feel the tenseness of the moment. The newest Sparton *EQUASONNE* is truly ALIVE. Hear it.

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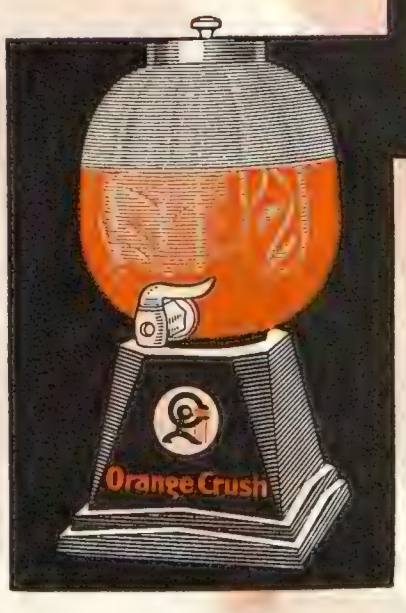
SPARTON RADIO

"Radio's Richest Voice"

We take an orange apart

Meet "CRUSHY" *—He Chases Thirst*

"Crushy" is the symbol of the science by which orange experts convert the sweetest *whole* fruit into Orange-Crush



In Orange-Crush you drink the plumpest juicy-ripe oranges actually taken apart and recombined by science into the most refreshing of beverages.

We use only tree-ripened fruit, picked at its full-flavored best. Squeeze out all the sun-rich juice. Extract the zestful flavor of the peel. Capture the healthful vitamins and mineral salts of the pulp.

To these we add with expert care a taste of sugar . . a dash of pure food color . . a jot of citrus fruit acid for tang . . and sparkling water to make this cooling whole-fruit beverage. Wholesome as golden sunshine, it is actually more tempting and delicious than the fruit itself.

Sold icy-cold wherever you see the "Crushy" sign—at all fountains by the glass; at all stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle. Here's how—

NEVER confuse Orange-Crush with "pop" or merely orange-flavored drinks. Above all, never confuse any other orange drink with Orange-Crush—*Orange-Crush contains the juice!*

Orange-Crush

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

in New York spend forty millions a year; and we have to use our heads, and not our hearts, in spending it. This is the most efficient organization in the big burg. Men and women come here out of the sticks, social service workers, and they are glad to take a hundred a month because of the training they receive. After we school them they can go to the tank towns and make real sugar. One of my boys is playing Scranton now, making two hundred a month. Bright boy, eh?"

"But about this widow—"

"There's a Polish family I know. The old man was budged by a locomotive, and we had to plant him. The kids weren't old enough to work, and mamma was an old-country lass who couldn't talk English. We taught her. We showed her how to run her home economically—straightened out the family for very little money.

"In spite of us, though, one of the girls was ruined. We took care of her and the child. One of the boys got into trouble—and we took care of that, too."

DOHERTY: "Those things happen—even when only a newspaper looks after a family."

. . . . .

MISS STANLEY, on the telephone—speaking to the head nurse of one of the prenatal clinics: "I am speaking for a friend, a dear old lady who wants to help some poor woman in an interesting—some poor woman who is going to be confined. Yes, I know it sounds odd, but—well, this friend was widowed some time ago. And shortly after this terrible tragedy she had her baby. She was very poor then, dreadfully poor! Her income stopped with her husband's death. She went through such agony of body and soul that she vowed—no, nurse, not bow; *vow!* She made a *vow* that if she ever had money she would find some poor woman facing the same ordeal.

"Recently she inherited a small fortune. And she has asked me to find the woman she can help. This dear old lady wants to pay the expenses of confinement, buy a layette— Beg pardon— Oh, I'm so sorry! You didn't hear more than a single word? Let me repeat it, please?

"I am speaking for a friend—"

DOHERTY, phoning to one of 300 odd—some of them very odd—midwives: "This is Mr. Doherty of the Daily News. No, ma'am, not Daley. Doherty. The Daily News. No, ma'am, not the Jewish paper. The Newish paper—I mean the newspaper. No, no, I don't want to sell you the paper. I want to ask you— Yes, the Jewish paper. My name? Levi Cohen. Yes. Now, there's a nice old lady who called up the paper last night," etc., etc., etc. "Do you know any such widow?"

FIRST MIDWIFE: "Oy! But Meester Newman, how could it a reech lady be a poor lady, heh? Ees nonsense you tell me, heh?"

SECOND MIDWIFE: "No, no, I don't do it for nothings."

THIRD MIDWIFE: "But when is it your wife she should be confined?"

FOURTH MIDWIFE: "O, you want to adopt it a baby, no? You do not want to adopt it a baby, yes? Why you want to adopt it a baby? Foolishment, ho? I got no babies you should adopt."

FIFTH MIDWIFE: "Oy! Crook's business! A girl she ain't got no husband and she gets it a baby? Oy! Very suspeecious. Yah, crook's business! I got not time for crook's business."

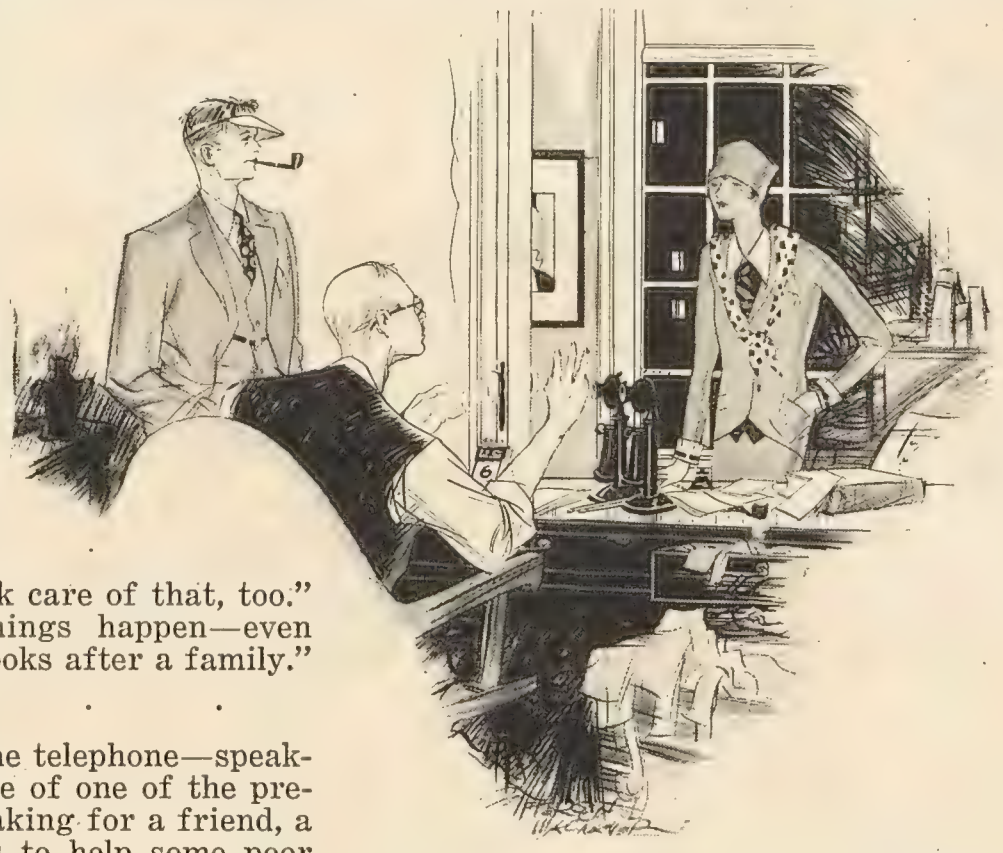
. . . . .

A VOICE: "Yes, sir, we have a lot of widows here—but they're rather old. One of them's a hundred and five years old come Tuesday. Guess you got a wrong number, pal. This is the Old Ladies' Home."

. . . . .

DOHERTY, talking to one of numerous undertakers: "This is Mr. Umpchay of the charity organization. Only, of course, we don't use the word charity. Don't know what it means. Why—oh, yes—one of my workers has left a memo on my desk. Something to the effect that you buried the body of a Mr. Schmiltz. I don't know what it's about, unless Mr. Schmiltz was poor. Ah, he was? A worthy case? Left a widow, maybe? He did? Great! I said, 'That's fate!' Any children? You don't say? And I suppose there's another one coming along. There usually is, you know."

THE UNDERTAKER: "There was. But—Schmiltz was killed in an accident. The shock paralyzed the widow and—God has sent you to that family, Mr. Umpchay; your organization is a wonderful thing—the poor woman lost the baby."



"Each of these women will have a baby in about two weeks. No later."

. . . . .

THE home of Mrs. O'Connor — that name will do as well as her own. It's on a dingy cross street close to Eleventh Avenue. It's up two dark flights in three cheerless little rooms. This was our first widow. 'Gene dug her out of the nurses' list. Our "dear old lady" found her, you see. And she was made to order. She was Irish Catholic, the mother of seven, two of them in the hospital; her husband dead; her baby expected very soon. We'd have fought eight hundred social workers for her.

If you could see the lines in her face, lines made by worry and work and care—if you could see the goodness in it, and the character in it—if you could see her smile as she talked—if you could catch just the faintest hint of the brogue in her voice! But hear her:

"Yes, Mrs. Doherty, I do need help—now that I can't work, now that I must go to the hospital so soon. What will my little ones do if—if anything happens to me? What'll they do when I'm gone?

"But sure it's glad I am to be with them now—and the baby, sure I've spoiled her entirely since Dennis went. Come here, chick, up on mama's lap. Ah, indeed, I worked for them—and glad to do it, too. I supported them and their father, too, most of the time. He was always sickly. Ten children I had in our fifteen years, and went out working between times. I'm only thirty-five—but I look fifty, don't I?"

MISS STANLEY: "How did you support the family, Mrs. O'Connor?"

MRS. O'CONNOR: "By the hardest work an Irish woman ever did—scrubbing the floors of office buildings. Down on my knees like it was praying I was.

"But that's done now. I take in some sewing. I make all the children's clothes. I can stay with them now until they marry and leave me. Thanks to the Child Welfare Board that gives the mother's pension. They are going to give me eighteen dollars a month for each of my children—seven they are. The twins died. But if I have a nickel to my name—no pension.

"But such a long time it is to wait for it. They must investigate me first—and that takes ever so long. They made me show my marriage certificate. Oh, you bet they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SOB STORY
Continued from page twenty-five]

did! And the birth certificates. And the burial certificate."

Efficient charity will, in due time and if she and her family are patient, give her $144 a month. It's a better proposition than ours is. Little enough, of course—but she won't have to go to the Bowery for bargains now; she won't have to do anything but be a mother.

"Charity? But I have to take it, Mrs. Doherty. I come of a proud race, Mrs. Doherty—but—"

. . . . . .

Central Park. The sun is setting, painting the western sky. The mighty domes and pinnacles and towers of the city stand out in bold relief, shot with luminous gold specks.

And a mist comes into Miss Stanley's eyes, and she is angry, and she shakes her fists at the symbols of power and arrogance and wealth, and she calls to them:

"That woman is worth more than all your palaces! She scrubs your floors that her babies may have food—and you crush her!"

And she repeats the woman's words: "The hardest work an Irish woman ever did! A proud race, Mrs. Doherty!"

The auto creeps out into Fifth Avenue, crawls past the hurrying crowds of shoppers, past luxurious stores, past great houses, hotels, and cathedrals, sneaks through the press of limousines and coupés and taxicabs and busses.

"Life is so damnably unfair to the poor, to the wounded," Miss Stanley says. "And they stand up and are proud—proud as gods!"

"Um," says Doherty. "These damn busses have just about spoiled this street."

. . . . . .

A NURSE—to Miss Stanley: "A widow who is going to have a baby? What a lovely idea! Yes, we have just what you want. A very worthy case. Only her husband disappeared—he isn't dead."

MISS STANLEY: "I'm so sorry!"

. . . . . .

A COLD room back of a cheap photographic studio on the lower East Side. A woman sits on the bed, holding a baby to her breast.

The woman talks: "I was sitting on the stairs shelling peas, and the lady next door comes quick, and I see how funny her face is; and she says, 'Lina, take courage; your husband just dropped dead.' So I fainted. . . .

"No, he didn't leave no insurance. He didn't believe in it. I wanted him he should join the lodge. But he wouldn't pay dues. So I'm alone with the children, and the one coming. And it ain't no picnic neither.

"You know his folks never liked me. But if it's a boy they want me I should name it after him. Imagine that! Me give my baby a dead man's name! No good could come of that, eh? Like my little Rosie that I was sap enough to name after his ma—and a lot she ever done for us! When I think of that poor little one, banging her head against the wall in her last agony—God! I hope it's a girl so I can call her what I want."

"How soon do you expect the baby, Mrs. X?"

"Six months!"

. . . . . .

'GENE: "Eddie, don't you feel like a hypocrite?"

DOHERTY: "Like a damn hypocrite."

. . . . . .

A mad desire seized us to walk up to a woman and say, "Is your husband dead?"

Two weeks and more—getting lists of dead from the Health Department, calling undertakers, calling nurses.

Our eyes were watching the outlines of women for one certain outline. Our ears were calloused and our arms numb from using the telephone. Our voices were hoarse. We drove about in a daze. We reached such a state that we cried out, "It is the year of no babies! It is the year of the widow famine."

We were sure that race suicide was rampant in New York.

Now and then a mad desire seized us to walk up to a woman and say something like this: "Madam, is your husband dead? How soon do you expect the dear little one? Do you want a thousand dollars?"

But, we figured, we'd either have to run like hell or go to jail.

The widows were certainly most unaccommodating—and as if for our especial benefit, the town went wild with "spot-news" stories, including the Snyder murder trial.

EXPERTS were experting all over the courtroom. Famous actresses, mighty thinkers, a celebrated dominie, a well known author or two, and a number of honest-to-goodness newspaper men and women were writing their heads off, and being advertised.

True, our own paper was using only newspaper men and women to cover the story—but we, the best and most beautiful reporters on any pay roll, were out of it.

In this savage mood we visited a widow in Eighteenth Street—or was it Nineteenth? And she told us about her man.

"—And all I could do for him was to sit and hold his hand. If I left his side for a moment, he called me back. For the last two weeks he lived I didn't get out of my clothes, and I don't believe I slept or ate in all that time, caring for him, worrying about the bills, worrying about the children. But"—and she smiled—"he did manage to drink some of the soup I made him. And he said it was the best he ever tasted."

We felt sorry for her until she said she was quite done with childbearing. And then we became so bitter we wished all her children would grow up journalists.

"Tut, tut!" said the editor. "You haven't gone at it right. See Miss Print. She'll help you. You should have gone to her first."

Miss Print—the name is malicious—proved to be a settlement worker. She was quite interested in our "dear old lady"—so interested she wanted to investigate her immediately.

"Are you sure this dear old lady is sincere?" she asked. "She isn't just a Lady Bountiful who wants a toy to play with? The Lady Bountiful type has gone out of fashion."

We admitted that our dear old friend was equipped only with a warm heart for the advanced and highly technical field of welfare work; and we admitted it was almost a sort of crime to go about trying to help the poor—without the chaperonage of a graduate sociologist.

"I will find some widows," Miss Print promised, "and I will select the worthiest of them. And then I will meet this dear old lady, and see what I can let her do."

Miss Print was a dear old lady herself.

In sheer desperation we decided to advertise for a widow—giving specifications. We wanted them ready to work for us, as it were, within two weeks. We made it plain that we couldn't wait for the slack season.

The ad did the trick. It brought us forty letters from widows, pitiful, homely, funny letters—some from unwed mothers, some from deserted wives, seven from genuine sod widows who were going to have children immediately.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

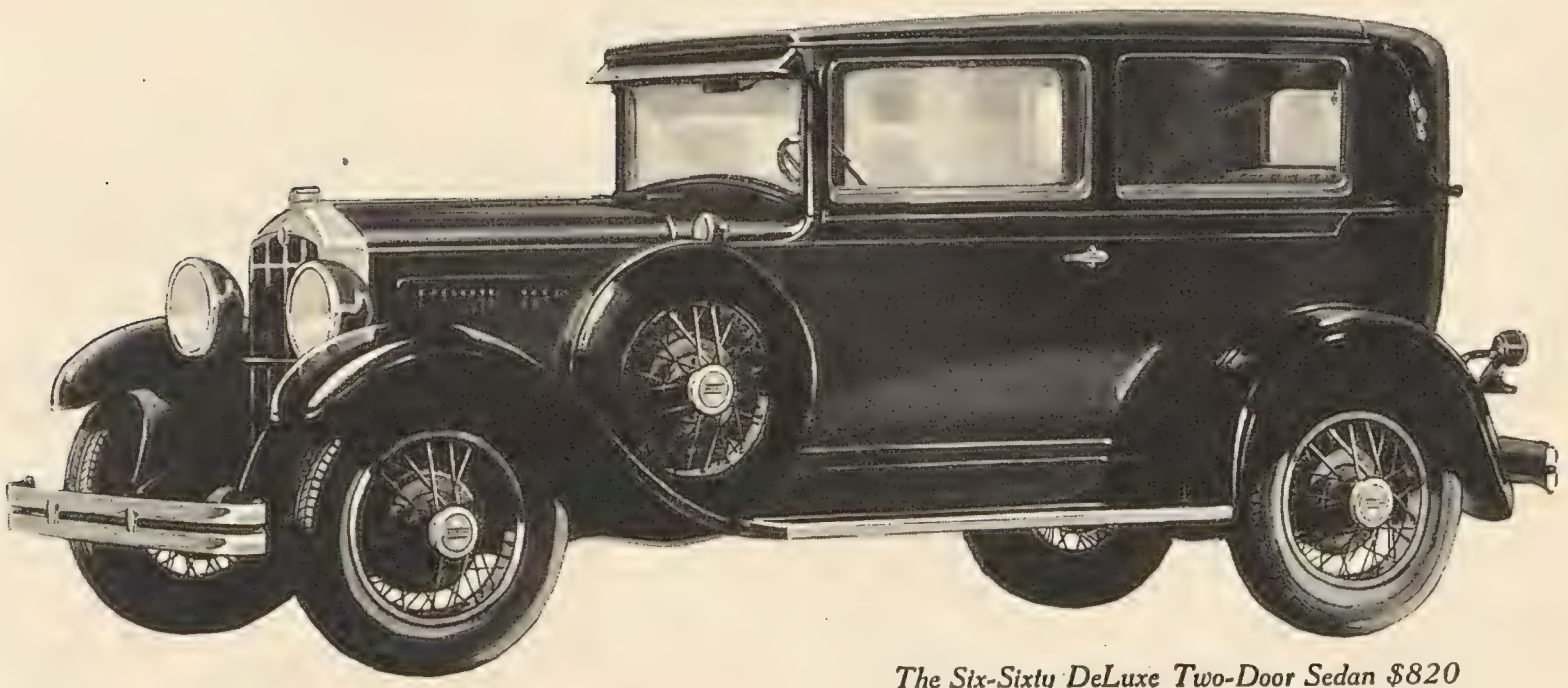
OWNER ENTHUSIASM

THE SIX-SIXTY

The good things owners say about the Durant Six-Sixty constitute the most powerful single influence in the present record-breaking sales.

Owner enthusiasm is readily understood when you find Six-Sixty specifications combine advanced engineering features usually found only in cars much higher priced.

DURANT MOTORS, INC., DETROIT, U. S. A.
FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.



The Six-Sixty DeLuxe Two-Door Sedan $820
Other Six-Sixty types from $685 to $875
All prices at factory—Lansing, Michigan

AND—FROM $595 TO $815—THE DURABLE DURANT FOUR-FORTY—A CAR WITH AN IMPRESSIVE RECORD

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

We could have kissed those seven women.

The great charity organizations that tried to hide their clients from us had probably never heard of these women. The great charity organizations who had fought so valiantly to save what they called "the self-respect of the poor," were routed by a few inches of type. Self-respect? Bah! Not one of those women lost her self-respect in laying bare her needs. They must have aid for their children—and they must have it immediately.

PHRASES such as these: "how desperately in need I am"—"worked until I cannot work any longer"—"I have no home. I have no money"—"and now the doctor says I have consumption"—"a kind lady is going to give me a home during my illness."

We were honest-to-goodness reporters after all. Our own self-respect came back. We hurried to the office joyfully.

And then—then the editor called us into his sanctum.

"Widows?" he said. "Oh, the—er—interesting widows. Oh, yes! Well, do what you can for those you found. And—forget them! But—listen. I've got a wonderful new Idea!"

THE END

Why you should take a LINIT Beauty Bath before going to a dance

THE next time you come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish a half package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are so immediate—no waiting for hours or days for your skin to be lovely and soft.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with talcum because after the Linit Beauty Bath, there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

The BATHWAY *to a Soft, Smooth* SKIN

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Nebraska; Nevada; New Hampshire?
2—Who composed the opera Parsifal?
3—Who was Montezuma II?
4—Ground hog is another name for what animal?
5—What breed of cats takes its name from a city of Asia Minor?
6—Where is the headquarters of the League of Nations?
7—According to the Bible, how old was Methuselah when he died?
8—What is a debenture?
9—Differentiate between debar and disbar.
10—In what cities of the major league circuits is Sunday baseball prohibited?
11—Who is the Secretary of Agriculture?
12—What is a quincentenary?
13—What does dissidence mean?
14—What is a sachem?
15—What American city is called the Gate City of the South?
16—What is the northernmost point of Europe?
17—For the manufacture of what commodity is Sheffield, England, renowned?
18—What is bob veal?
19—From what is the word epicure derived?
20—Where is Glacier National Park?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE. Buddy Jones, saxaphone player with the Broadway Collegians, loyally registers his general agreement with President Hoover's opinion that "*the production of the export debenture feature of the new McNary Farm Bill would inevitably confuse and minimize the much more far-reaching plan of farm relief, upon the fundamental principles of which there is general agreement.*"

GOVERNMENT BY DIVINE RIGHT. The King of Macaronia takes up street-sweeping in order to distinguish himself from the riffraff of rulers and get his picture in the papers.

NATIONAL PROBE OF THIRD-DEGREE METHODS. The Prison Association demands investigation of rumor that New York police are not treating gunmen with the politeness and courtesy to which they are accustomed.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE REPORT that 18,000 bathtubs were shipped to foreign countries in 1928 is amended to 9,500 bathtubs; 8,500 having turned out to be cocktail shakers when unpacked.

A Story of Tricks and Trade and True Love

Yes Sir! Americans!

By Achmed Abdullah

Pictures by J. W. Schlaikjer

LATER on, when conversation in Hongkong's International Club drifted to the rise and fall and rise again of Spike Berg and Kitty O'Day, opinions differed.

Li Chang, the Chinese steamship magnate, would scratch his butter-yellow cheek delicately with a foppish, four-inch finger nail and remark that—by the Buddha!—the essentially pure in spirit, even if caked in the mud of seventy-seven black sins, will always in the end burn through with the golden-clear flame of exquisite wisdom.

Tom Montgomery of His Majesty's Ninth Dragoons would comment that all this sort of talk was assish drivel. . . . "Sorry, Chang, old dear. But—really—assish drivel! Essentially pure? My blinkin' eye! Spike and Kitty have what the Yanks so quaintly call the goods—that's all, what?"

Finally, Carter Lloyd of Lloyd & Lloyd, Export and Import, Hongkong, Manila, and San Francisco, would declare that Li Chang and Tom Montgomery were both wrong, and that the whole phenomenon was based on the simple fact that Spike and Kitty were Americans.

"Yes sir! Americans!"

He would say it with pride—though he had not been proud at all that day, eleven years earlier, when Spike Berg had dropped in at his countinghouse near the Hong-

The gat leaped out. There was a yell of fear, a spurt of flame, and Jefferson Ginzheimer crumpling on the ground.

kong water front where he had laid the foundations of local fortune, not to mention local reputation, by luring Carter Lloyd's half-caste Number One clerk into a session of two-handed stud poker, quitting the game the richer by $250 Mex.

The cards were marked. Spike Berg, cornered by Carter Lloyd, admitted that much.

"Came to town this mornin'—broke," he added calmly. "Needed the dough. So, when I saw that Chink o' yours dealin' from the bottom, I switched decks on him—see?"

"Frank about it, aren't you, Mr. — Mr. —?"

"Berg. Spike Berg."

"American?"

"I'll tell the world. From N'Yawk."

N'Yawk. Not New York. Not from Fifth Avenue or Park or Murray Hill. But born somewhere near the reeking shadow of Chatham Square where the Bowery plays hide and seek with Pell Street.

Pell Street. Chinatown. That's where he learned his smattering of Chinese—too, his smattering of oblique Mongol psychology. A double knowledge destined to come in handy later on.

His parents had died when he had been less than fifteen. Hereafter his education — varied by occasional violently resisted attempts of social-service investigators and truancy officers, the ethical advice of an obese Russian Jew who behind the respectable front of a kosher delicatessen shop served as fence to pickpockets and second-story men, and the physical lessons imparted by the hard fists of one Salvatore Guardabassi who presently achieved fame under the sobriquet of "Pat McGinty, the fightin' Harp" — hereafter his education had been that of the downtown gutters.

SORDID education — brutish; sardonic; immensely practical; tragic, if you wish.

A slippery lad he was. Crooked as a Malay dagger. Cruel as a wildcat. Furtive and reticent as a Seventh Avenue fire escape. But, whenever he chose to exert it, with a peculiarly potent charm; a charm that was dangerous — to others. The sort anent whose moral regeneration — "we must not punish, we must cure" — old Phineas Bagby, the Brooklyn millionaire philanthropist, writes long letters to the papers, signing himself "Pro Bono Publico." The sort, on the other hand, who, in spite of old Bagby's well meant slush, caused three white hairs to sprout on the round Celtic dome of Sarsfield Harrigan, detective of Second Branch and attached to the Bowery beat of sewer gas and bootleg and opium and mazed white and yellow passions, and to exclaim:

"Of all them no-good Pell Street gorillas, Spike's the only one who ever *really* gets my goat—gets it a-plenty and for keeps. I can never catch him—the dog-gone, stinkin', flat-nosed, horny-souled, ape-faced roughneck!"

The latter statement, although heartfelt, was not altogether fair.

Roughneck? Doubtless.

Dog-gone? Horny-souled? No argument.

But ape-faced and all the rest? Not a bit.

In fact, Spike was rather good-looking with his clean length of limb, his broad shoulders, the ruddy glow of his square-jawed, powerful features, the neat cut of his clothes, the rakish tilt of his brown derby.

That's precisely what annoyed Sarsfield Harrigan:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Spike's derby, his expensive clothes, his diamond ring, his gold watch and cigarette case, his reckless way of spending the dollars. For how—speculated the detective—could Spike have what he had and spend as he did on the thirty-five a week he earned as soda jerker in the Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium?

Harrigan knew how Spike did it. Oh, yes—he knew. Playing with marked cards and loaded dice. Well—that part was O. K.—let the suckers look out for themselves! But his other method: pounding out of skulking, shadow-painted hallways, holding up peaceful Chinese burgesses and indignant or hysterical uptown sightseers—that's what Spike did, sure enough . . . and municipal elections coming on . . . and the opposition press headlining: "Another Stick-up! What's Wrong with Our Cops?" . . . and the police captain down at Second Branch deviling Harrigan's soul with his nagging:

"Who done it? Who done it?"

"I know who done it. Spike Berg."

"Tell me something new. Knowin' it won't make the cheese more bindin'. You gotta prove it!"

That's just what Spike told Harrigan:

"You gotta prove it!"

Jeeringly he would add:

"Why don't you, kid?"

But Harrigan was never able to pin a single thing on Spike Berg until . . . *cherchez la femme*—though the detective expressed it as:

"Look for the skoit!"

. . . . . .

The "skoit's" name was Kitty O'Day. A pretty girl was she. As Irish as her name. Black-haired, blue-eyed, and with skin so white and such a red curve to her lips.

Like Spike, she worked for wages—"twenty herring a week is my gravy," she put it in her own peculiar language—in the Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium. Not far from Pell Street, it was pinched in between a seven-story tubercular tenement house whose crowded flats mingled amicably and odorously with various unclassified home industries and a Yiddish vaudeville theater, stammering through the sooty, greasy dusk with the sharp saffron of quivering, bragging electric bulbs and the prurient invitation of eight-sheet posters.

Here, in the Bon Ton, white boys and yellow, yellow girls and white, boys with girls, boys alone and girls alone—if not for long—lined the counter on an evening, buying sundaes and sodas and phosphates and fruit crushes and fabulous cloying concoctions invented by individual extravagant fancy, to the detriment of their stomachs and the enrichment of the Widow Gonzalez who owned the place.

THERE was a certain good-natured rivalry between Spike and Kitty. For his fingers, expert at cards and dice and thudding blackjack, were no less agile in the mixing of sundaes, while she excelled in banana splits. But they used to bury their professional jealousy every other Sunday, when they had their day off and went dancing—to Coney Island in summer, to a neighboring hall in winter. And how Kitty could dance—like a flame!

To whirl her across the waxed floor—that was Spike's notion of one helluva swell time; and he was furious when a bold spirit had the nerve to cut in.

For he loved her. He had loved her since that day when, seeing her for the first time, it had floated down through the mists of his coarse, slightly viscous apprehension that here, for this black-haired girl, was a feeling which he could not fathom, for which the very ideas were missing in his crude philosophy, the very words in his crude diction.

He looked forward to her surrender. Of course. But he looked forward shyly—he who had had so many girls between Chatham Square and the Bowery, who had always given in to the gods of pagan, unscrupulous resolution. Now he waited. He did not even kiss her. Perhaps his love was so great that he was afraid.

She liked him. He knew that. She was a little fond of him. He knew that, too.

But—did she love him, really love him?

He meant to ask her; put off the question from day to day, for fear her answer might be:

"Love you? *You?* Aw—forget it!"

She did love him, in a way. She knew, as did all Pell Street, how he earned his living, at night, when the Bon Ton was closed. Not that she minded. Indeed, she rather admired him. Her reasoning was that of a lady of medieval days, tossing rose or scented glove from tapestried balcony to the knight in shining armor who defeated his enemies at joust or tournament, or who went out upon the highroad to rob the paunchy merchants. On the other hand, this was the twentieth century, the age of law, not of steel. Sooner or later the cops would catch Spike and send him up the river for a stretch. And what earthly good was a boy in jail to a girl?—a girl, let us add, who was practical in spite of her dreamy blue Irish eyes. So she never let on that she cared for him, and told herself:

"Only one life to live. Gotta make my way . . . will, too, when the right chance comes along . . . or the right guy."

HE came, not long afterward. His name was Jefferson Ginzheimer, a small-time vaudeville producer who, happening downtown on a slumming expedition, saw her one Sunday when Spike, nursing a bad cold, had ceded his place as Kitty's escort to his pal Bill Collins.

She was doing a tango, doing it beautifully, with all her unconscious young grace and abandon; and Jefferson Ginzheimer approached her.

"Kid," he told her, "you sure can swing an elegant pair of hips."

"Thanks for the buggy ride!"

"Wot you doin' for a livin'?"

"None o' your—"

"None o' my business? Sure ain't. Tell me just the same."

His eyes were brown and friendly, and she replied:

"Slingin' soda."

"Thoity per?"

"Twenty."

"How'd you like to earn fifty—as a starter?"

"Doin' wot?"

"Wot you're doin' now. Dancin'. Here"—handing her his large and impressive card—"a coupla years' trainin' and you'll knock Ruth St. Dennis for a row o' Peruvian city dumps."

"Gee! Y'mean it?"

"You bet! Come to the office tomorrow—eleven sharp."

She was there at half-past 10. They arrived at mutually satisfactory terms, and she signed the contract.

Two weeks later, in a small New Jersey tryout theater, Kitty O'Day was billed as:

Paravati Doorga-Devi
The Famous Hindu Temple Dancer
The Favorite Nautch Girl of His Royal Highness
the Maharaja of Krishnapore

She brought down the house filled with commuters. They were loudly enthusiastic, every one, with the exception of Spike Berg, who sat in the stage box, glowering, his heart choked with anger.

He had heard all about Jefferson Ginzheimer, partly from Bill Collins, partly from Kitty herself. Immediately he had grown suspicious. There had been a scene. No longer shy, he had told her straight out:

"Keep away from that Ginzheimer boid!"

"Say!" she had flared up. "Wot's he gotta do with you?"

"I don't like him."

"Mebbe I do! I ain't your goil!"

"Sure you ain't. But I'll be damned if you become that fat little kike's goil—see?"

"Aw, chase yourself! Y'give me a pain!"

She had not talked to him since that day; and here he was now, watching her as, flushed with triumph, she took

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

"Mighty Monarch of the Air"

NEW HEIGHTS

The finest radio receiver in the world cannot perform at its best unless it is equipped with the best tubes it is possible to manufacture. That, in a few words, is the story of why Grigsby-Grunow Company now announce Majestic radio tubes.

WHEN Wm. C. Grunow, genius of radio builders, decided to go into the tube business, it was his determination that nothing short of the finest radio tubes in the world could carry the trade name Majestic. After building a radio set universally acknowledged the leader of all radio sets in sales and satisfactory service, an entire year has passed before Grigsby-Grunow Company are ready to say that Majestic tubes have arrived and that they are *as good as Majestic radio sets*—the finest tribute that could possibly be paid to them.

Building the best radio tubes the world has yet seen was no easy undertaking. Grigsby-Grunow Company have unusual facilities, yes—tremendous financial stability, organization, plants, intricate machinery of the latest type—*but building better and finer tubes required more than that.* A search was made for brilliant minds whose undivided thoughts, whose sole concern might be concentrated upon the development of a tube so outstanding that the world would pause and say "Here is a good job well done—as perfect as human hands and brains can make it." These great scientists, drawn from the finest laboratories in the world, laboring by day and by night—testing, measuring, experimenting, leaving nothing unturned of the secrets of scientific tube building, have at last produced in the Majestic radio tube a new contribution to finer radio reception.

Month after month, week after week, day after day, all night long for hundreds of nights Majestic tubes have burned at twice the load they would normally carry to prove that Majestic was not only a well built tube but a long life tube, fulfilling to the highest degree the purpose for which it was designed.

When you buy your Majestic tubes, when you put them in your set—when you marvel at their performance, their smoothness, their long life—remember that back of them is infinite patience, the finest brains, the finest machines, rigid testing of every step in production—but above all, the same indomitable will to do something better for the world which has made Majestic the greatest name in radio.

Majestic
RADIO TUBES

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY · CHICAGO

No longer shy, he had told her straight out: "Keep away from that Ginzheimer boid!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

curtain call after curtain call. Dancin'—he thought—shimmyin' about half naked for a bunch o' leerin' saps. . . . Jees'—made him furious—he'd go back stage and give her a piece of his mind. . . .

Why—he loved her—loved her. . . .

So back stage he went, brushing past the protesting door man, and burst into Kitty's dressing room just as Jefferson Ginzheimer was informing her:

"You were great, sweetheart!"

And the producer put his arms about her and planted a moist kiss upon her lips.

Let us add here that Jefferson Ginzheimer was happily married, with a pretty young wife, four bouncing children, a flivver, and an electric refrigerator somewhere in the Bronx. The "sweetheart" meant nothing, nor did the kiss. It was the careless salutation of stage folk. But to the hard lads of the Bowery—to Spike—a kiss meant everything.

HE did not stop to think. His rage rose in crimson, deadly waves. His hand reached into his hip pocket. The gat leaped out. There was a yell of fear, a spurt of flame, and Jefferson Ginzheimer crumpling on the ground, Spike running from the theater into the night, and, an hour later, Sarsfield Harrigan reporting to the captain of Second Branch: "I can prove it now."

"Wot?"

"The goods—on Spike. Listen to wot he done—over in Joisey. . . ."

But proving and catching were two different things. The wounded man recovered. Even without a murder charge Spike would have been good for about seven years in jail. Only—he knew New York; and he had friends who hid him until, toward the end of the month, he turned up in London, where, head first like a rat, he bored into the dark purlieus of Soho.

He felt not at home in London—neither in Soho nor in Pimlico nor in the scraggly, jerry-built whole of the East End. It was not a bit like New York. New York had pep. It had guts. Not so London. London was all mutton suet and small beer and pea-soup fog and wet tweeds . . . helluva place . . . no wonder them Britishers was wot they was. . . .

Too, he was broke and did not know how to make both ends meet. Soda jerking was out of the question, since the English, reasonably or unreasonably, preferred ale. So was gambling out of the question, since he had no money and the English, stolidly unimaginative, insisted on cash on the table. Besides, there was general unemployment — hard times — people standing on the street corners and railing against the government.

REMAINED only one vocational outlet for Spike Berg. He took it.

Thus, shortly afterward, London hummed with a seven days' sensation, consisting in the painful blackjacking and frisking suffered by a prominent banker on a clear evening in plain view of Whitehall Street, and resulting in the heckling of the entire Cabinet by the purple-faced Tory member of Parliament for the East Riding of Yorkshire, who started with demanding a thorough reorganization of Scotland Yard and ended by clamoring for the resignation of the Ministry, seven additional dreadnoughts, and a new naval base at Singapore—this seven days' sensation happening to coincide with Spike's slipping out of Southampton aboard a freighter one morning. For his haul had not lasted long. A pickpocket had reached out prehensile fingers. Now Spike was broke again, again a fugitive—and a stoker; and stoke he did, twelve hours a day—no union hours.

Came hard weeks. Sea weeks. Rolling, pitching, stinking weeks down in the glory hole. Weeks when for the first and, he promised himself, for the last time in his life Spike did what the world, rightly or wrongly, calls honest labor; until one afternoon Hongkong loomed into view with its soaring and piling of hills, a city of copper and brass and gold, rich, shimmering, proud.

There he deserted ship.

He walked through the packed, greasy wilderness of Mongol streets abutting the water front. Streets of dives and saloons; of one-storied shops, painted in screaming colors, green, pink, lilac, ocher, the window displays gorged to overflowing with the Orient's precious, mellow wares. Spike's nostrils quivered. Loot! he thought.

The pavements were crowded with slippered, blue-bloused coolies; too, with Europeans and Asiatics and Africans from all corners of the globe—men who go down to the sea in ships and come up from the sea, as often as not, in rickshas to spend the bitter wages of seven weeks' battling with gales and rotten timbers in a single night's scarlet spree among the square bottles and the half-caste girls of sneering China. There were curses in a dozen languages. Insults hurled recklessly. Fist fights. Once

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS of BAND INSTRUMENTS

[YES SIR! AMERICANS! Continued from page thirty-four]

the point of a knife gleaming evilly. A policeman's shrill whistle.

Dirt and splendor here. Reek and riot. Rags and silk. Passion of love and passion of hate. Scent of musk and opium and sandalwood and sweat and blood and garbage.

A bully town—a town after Spike's own heart. He liked it. He sniffed greedily, sensuously. It seemed his hunting ground, foreordained.

"Jees'"—he said to himself—"reminds me of N'Yawk—the Bowery—Pell Street . . ."

Sure. Pell Street . . . and the Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium . . . and Kitty O'Day. . . .

Gee! How he had loved that kid!

He shrugged his shoulders. He was through with her. No use cryin' over spilt milk. Only—he couldn't help wondering—was she mebbe thinkin' of him—ever?

. . . . .

As a matter of fact, she happened to be thinking of him just then as, the first step in her meteoric career, she left the stage of the Winter Garden and was met in the wings by Jefferson Ginzheimer. He was excited.

"Know who was out front and gave you a hand?" he demanded.

"Cal Coolidge? The Prince o' Wales?"

"Better'n that! Cochrane — the London producer, y'know. Had a talk with him. He wants to sign you up. You and me'll split five hundred smackers per. Dandy, ain't it?"

Kitty was thrilled. She was happy. And—yes—she thought of Spike. . . . Gosh! Poor old Spike—Spike, who was thinking of her; then, with an effort, dismissed her from his brain.

T'hell with Kitty and all the rest o' the skoits! No damned good—the whole lot. Could always get himself a dame—as long as he had the dough. That's what he needed now—money—and he'd get it all right, all right. Some o' them Chinks was easy pickin's; for instance, this half-caste ambling along so smooth and bland with his black silk tunic, his white silk skirt, and his bowler hat. He stopped him.

"Gotta match about you, buddy?"

THE half-caste—Carter Lloyd's Number One clerk—smiled and produced a lighter. They fell to conversing, and — we repeat — Spike, whenever he chose to exert it, had a potent and dangerous charm. He exerted it now, with the result that, an hour later, at the end of a two-handed stud-poker session, the other found himself the poorer by $250 Mex.

Spike was elated. That night, for hours, he strolled about the water front, from saloon to saloon, getting pleasantly drunk. Lights flickered up. Came the popping of corks; a roaring fling of alcoholic yells; women's shrill, hectic laughter; the stamping of dancing feet; the tinkle-tinkle of a piano sadly out of tune.

Chinese voices blending in with a high-pitched, singsong stammer:

"Tim yap—tak hü-ni?"

"Mun lai k'ü!"

"Aw—shut yer trap, yer bleedin', rotten, yaller Chink swine!" in decided Liverpool English. Biff! Bang! A fist flattening an already flat nose—a cry of pain—and Spike laughed. Swell town! Swell! Romance here.

Romance of the water front, where brown lascar and yellow Mongol discovers that his money gives him the ribald equality which the forecastle denies him. Romance that starts with a double drink of gin and perhaps an opium pipe or two, and winds up, as like as not, with a half-breed child peeping from its mother's arms wonderingly, protestingly. Romance that begins with a promise of blue eyes in a Vermont village and ends in the Seamen's Hospital with a clergyman chanting a Scripture text over a stiffening body. Brutal, sordid, blood-stained romance. Romance of knife and lust, of pistol and jealousy and greed. But romance that appealed to every last vulpine instinct in Spike Berg's heart.

"I'm nuts about you, kid!" he apostrophized China. "And—believe me—I'll make you shell out!"

HE made good his boast.

For the next eleven years, ranging his lawless way not only through Hongkong, but up and down the mainland, he forced China to shell out again and again. To name his ever-changing partners and associates would be like making an ethnographical chart of half the world's less desirable breeds and a sociological survey of all the Far East's gaudy rogues.

He gave up his strong-arm methods. For two reasons. One was that once, in the interior far away from consular protection, having robbed a silk merchant, a Manchu police magistrate caused him to be strung up by his thumbs for three days. The other was that—to quote his own words:

"This sluggin' stuff is sorta crude and youthful. It's the bean that counts—not the fist."

Getting ambitious, was he? A moot point.

At all events, hereafter he centered on his skill with cards and dice, and presently he branched out into what he was pleased to call high finance. For instance: exporting coolies to California; doing shady deals in which rich American collectors bought Sung and Ming antiques recently manufactured in Japan; acting as middleman between grafting Nanking mandarin and crooked Belgian concession hunter, as agent and runner-in for gambling hells and crimps' places and bookmakers and lottery touts and opium smugglers.

For eleven years, up and down the China coast, he flourished like the green bay tree. Flourished, finally, too richly. For the day came when, since in spite of China's enormous size the white man's world there is small and tight and gossipy, he found himself confronted by the disturbing fact that, as his circle of acquaintances had increased, his reputation had decreased; that practically all his

sources of illegal revenue had dried up; that there was not a greenhorn stepping ashore at Hongkong or Canton or Shanghai who, aboard ship, had not listened to an old-timer's warning:

"Nice chap—Spike Berg. Tells a capital story. Sings a good song. Fine old two-fisted souse. But—well, if you should meet him, keep your pockets buttoned."

And again: "Nice chap—though!"

For, in spite of his reputation, he was still universally popular, here, east of Suez, where people are inclined to be more tolerant, less rigid. He was broke once more; and the very men whom he had spoiled were willing to forgive, to let bygones be bygones, to buy him a meal, a drink, a cigar; but never, never to do business with him. Carter Lloyd offered to pay his passage home to America. But Spike refused with thanks. America meant his past misdeeds—Jefferson Ginzheimer — Sarsfield Harrigan — jail. Besides, he liked the Orient.

"I'm not in the market for Brooklyn Bridge!" laughed the other.

"But—"

"Cut it out. Have a drink?"

There, on the lips of white and yellow and half-caste, was Spike's whole story: "Cut it out. Have a drink?"

Rather a tragic story. For it spelled failure. And Spike was not as young as he had been, nor as sure of himself, and there were moments when he was a little afraid of the future—moments when he was homesick for N'Yawk—the Bowery—Pell Street—the Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium.

Gee!—he thought, eating his dinner in a dingy water-front restaurant—hadn't been such a bad dump—the Bon Ton. With the boys and girls there on an evening, lined up three deep; lips sucking at straws; spoons clinking against glasses; the electric player piano stabbing out its hiccup syncopation:

I got the blue-hoos . . .
I got the blue-blue-blue-blue cemetery blue-hoo-hoos . . .

AND the buzz of talk. Jests. Laughter. Catchwords. Love-making. Local jealousies. Melting pot not yet quite melted, its different racial ingredients damning each other's eyes:

"Damned Chink!"
"Damned Wop!"
"Damned Kike!"
"Damned Mick!"

Still, darned nice bunch. And how they had liked his sundaes—and Kitty's banana splits . . .

Kitty! He had loved that kid. . . . If only she hadn't fallen for that Ginzheimer bozo!

Not that he could blame her altogether. Had been up to her to make her way. And—Jees'—she sure had made it. He knew. For, picking up an occasional English or American paper, he had read how she had risen in the theatrical firmament: "Paravati Doorga-Devi, the Famous Hindu Temple Dancer, the Favorite Nautch Girl of His Royal Highness the Maharaja of Krishnapore"—good every few months for a front-page write-up in some colored newspaper supplement—all about her jewels and her toy Pekingese and how seriously she took her art.

During the last year or two, though, he hadn't come across her name.

"Must have married a Chicago millionaire or some titled gink," he thought, as he left the restaurant. "Gawd—wouldn't she high-hat me good and proper if she could see me now—broke again—a failure—"

A failure. Yep.

Why, only last night Tom Montgomery of His Majesty's Ninth Dragoons had said to him:

"You're no end sympathetic and all that sort of bilge—what? But—no spoofin'—I don't care to jerk the jolly old dice—not with you; nor to riffle the jolly old pasteboards—not with you. And I don't care for a sure-thing tip on the Australian Derby nor on the Calcutta Sweepstakes. Gold mine in Korea? No. Thanks awfully, old turnip!"

And when even Tom Montgomery refused to invest—Tom Montgomery, who, to quote Carter Lloyd, was the biggest jackass and the most lovable idiot who ever sported a scarlet mess tunic or jingled a brace of golden spurs—things in Spike's life had come to a tragic climax.

HE walked along the water front. A chilly wind boomed across the bay. He felt lonely. He felt cold. He turned into a side street where there was more shelter.

Near the corner was a small vaudeville theater, the sort that catered exclusively to Chinese and lascar sailors. He had almost passed. Then, suddenly, he stopped. He seemed puzzled. He stared. Stared again.

An eight-sheet poster was fastened to the wall. It was torn and dirty. But the lettering, purple on orange, was still distinct. It read:

Paravati Doorga-Devi
The Famous Hindu Temple Dancer
The Favorite Nautch Girl of
His Royal Highness
the Maharaja of Krishnapore

His lips were dry. He moistened them with his tongue.

"Gee!" he whispered. "Oh, gee!"

He found the stage entrance. There was a half-caste door man.

"Paravati?" inquired Spike.

The other pointed a grimy thumb. Spike hurried down a corridor sealed by a door. He knocked.

"Come in!" said a raucous voice.

He entered. He saw a woman. She was thin. Her scraggly hair showed gray streaks. Her complexion was muddy. Her eyes were dim, tired, red-rimmed. She was not young. She was not beautiful. She was not very clean.

He stepped up to her, and his first words were a lie: "Say—Kitty—you haven't changed a bit!"

She laughed. It was a terrible laugh, soul-shaking, hysterical. Then she trembled violently; almost fainted. He caught her in his arms.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE insulator is the most important part of any spark plug. Without it there can be no spark, no operation of the engine.

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[YES SIR! AMERICANS! Continued from page thirty-seven]

His next words were gruff: "For the love o' the Board o' Health, wot you been doin' to yourself?"

Her answer was short; just a few words that held a lifetime of shame and suffering and misery: "Swell engagement I had. India.. Japan. Fell in with the wrong push. The Orient—oh, it got me—see?"

"Y'mean—dope? Hittin' the pipe?"

"You've said it, Spike."

"Well—you gotta cut it out, kid. Can't afford to be married to a darned little hophead."

"You said—married?"

"Cinch! Found you again. Ain't goin' to lose you again. Say—got a ten-spot that ain't workin'?"

"Not much more than ten." She gave him her purse. "Broke?"

"Yes. But the ten ain't for me. It's for the preacher. Put on your hat. Come along."

She put on her hat. She came along.

It was very late. The sky was swelling like a bell, purple and gray, dimming to deep blue where, on the west, it curved away toward the bay.

A few blocks away a mission chapel and parish house jutted into the street. Spike rang the bell. After a while the door opened. Father Dominique stood there, a very old man, his drawn, crinkly skin the color of alabaster, his brown eyes filled with the kindness and understanding of the many years.

"Come in, my children!" he said.

HALF an hour later they left the parish house. They walked hand in hand.

"I love you," he told her.

"And I love you."

"Y'know, I fell for you—fell for you hard—the foist time I seen you. That was when you came to the Bon Ton—back in N'Yawk—askin' for a job. . . . Remember the Bon Ton?"

"Sure. And—say—remember the banana splits I useter make?"

"Never cared much for them. You made 'em too damned sweet. Now, my sundaes . . ."

"You and your sundaes! They was always so messy. A bathtub was the only place to eat 'em in."

"The boys didn't useter think so—the way they lapped 'em up."

"I'd like to lap one up right now"—she laughed—"one o' them special sundaes o' yours—topped with walnuts and whipped cream and— Gee, a sundae in Hongkong—can you imagine?" She interrupted herself. "Wot is it?" she demanded, as Spike stood still and gave a shrill whistle.

"I got a idea! A peach of a idea!"

Early the next morning, Carter Lloyd was surprised when Spike entered his private office, accompanied by a woman, and announced:

"Meet the wife—and the business partner."

"What business?"

"Ice cream and candy. Specializin' in sundaes and banana splits. All we need is a bit o' backin'—"

"Who's the sucker who's going to supply it?"

"You, Mr. Lloyd!"

"Oh, no!"

"Please, Mr. Lloyd!" added the woman. "We'll woik hard. We'll make the grade and travel the straight and narrow—sure. . . . And we got such an elegant name for the place—"

"Have you?" said Lloyd.

"Yes. The Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium. Sounds like home, don't it?"

"It does," sighed Carter Lloyd. "How much do you need?"

AND so, years later, when conversation in Hongkong's International Club drifted to the rise and fall and rise again of Spike Berg and Kitty O'Day, opinions differed.

Li Chang, the Chinese steamship magnate, would scratch his butter-yellow cheek delicately with a foppish, four-inch finger nail and remark that—by the Buddha!—the essentially pure in spirit, even if caked in the mud of seventy-seven black sins, will always in the end burn through with the golden-clear flame of exquisite wisdom.

Tom Montgomery of His Majesty's Ninth Dragoons would comment that all this sort of talk was assish drivel. . . . "Sorry, Chang, old dear. But—really—assish drivel! Essentially pure? My blinkin' eye! Spike and Kitty have what the Yanks so quaintly call the goods—that's all, what?"

Finally, Carter Lloyd of Lloyd & Lloyd, Export and Import, Hongkong, Manila, and San Francisco, and silent partner in the Bon Ton Ice Cream and Candy Emporium, would declare that Li Chang and Tom Montgomery were both wrong, and that the whole phenomenon was based on the simple fact that Spike and Kitty were Americans.

"Yes sir! Americans!"

He would say it with pride. . . .

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

J. P. McEvoy

who wrote Show Girl

STARTS A NEW SERIES—

Show Girl in Hollywood

See page 43

—and How!

The BEST of the TALKIES

And Two Not So Good

A Page of Movie Reviews

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kenneth Alexander photo

That new Mr. Colman and Joan Bennett in a tense scene from Bulldog Drummond.

TAKE the most tawdry type of melodrama, in which the villain continually taunts the hero about his efficiency and the hero continually twits the villain about his inefficiency, and you have an ideal basis for the new audible films. For the films provide authentic backgrounds instead of the obvious canvas makeshifts of the footlights. And this sort of story lends the necessary action and speed.

Not that Bulldog Drummond was a tenth-rate stage thriller. Written by that English builder of shockers, who calls himself Sapper, it was a fairly exciting stage play. In the audibles, with Ronald Colman as its star, Bulldog Drummond becomes the best entertainment in the whole gabby gallery of the talkies to date. For one thing, Samuel Goldwyn, its producer, did not rush the piece through his studios after the current fashion in sound films. He took time—and Bulldog Drummond shows both good care and good taste.

The melodrama is directed by F. Richard Jones, a graduate of the Griffith and the Mack Sennett schools of film making. Sidney Howard, an experienced playwright, was engaged to brush up the dialogue. William Cameron Menzies was put at work designing the sets—and they're finely atmospheric. Then Mr. Goldwyn gave his star an able cast. Moreover, the sounding is close to perfect.

Right here, let it be said that Bulldog Drummond reveals a new Ronald Colman. This Colman has a shrewd humor and a superb casual charm new to the talkies.

The plot? Bulldog Drummond is a demobilized officer bored with his humdrum club life. He advertises for adventure in the London Times and, out of the hundreds of letters, selects one. This communication, which, it develops, was written by a blonde whose aged American millionaire uncle is being held prisoner by a trio of desperate crooks, brings Bulldog all the excitement he craves.

Of the evil kidnapers you will like Lilyan Tashman's hard-boiled blonde who takes double whiskies straight and Lawrence Grant's mad old doctor with his merry penchant for drugs. And Joan Bennett (another daughter of the actor, Richard Bennett) is quite lovely as the distraught heroine. Take my word for it, Bulldog Drummond is swell entertainment.

The lazy ladies of the harem get an earful when John Boles, playing the Riff leader, calls on Carlotta King in The Desert Song.

★

If the audibles succeed with lively melodrama, they certainly encounter difficulties with an operetta. Consider the Warner Brothers' talkie version of The Desert Song, a Broadway musical show of considerable popularity. The Warners transferred the thing literally.

In The Desert Song, the hero is both the famous and inscrutable Red Shadow, leader of the rebellious Riffs, and the half-witted son of the French garrison commander.

The few exterior shots—of the usual horsemen galloping along the sky line of the conventional Sahara—show up the cramped studio-built exteriors with their painted burning sands. The whole production is pretty shoddy and the filmed operetta moves as slowly as a football special train.

John Boles is the Riff Robin Hood and the best of the cast, at that. Carlotta King sings the rôle of the commandant's ward. She certainly isn't a screen actress.

★

Not Quite Decent is a cheaply titled part-talkie film from the William Fox studios. It stars Louise Dresser as a night-club hostess who saves her daughter from the clutches of an evil rounder, pushes the girl into the arms of her upright country lover, and then goes out on the cabaret floor to sing Empty Arms. Miss Dresser's intelligent acting saves the thing from becoming too maudlin.

Do you know that—

John Boles first sang in the glee club of the University of Texas? . . . Ronald Colman is thirty-eight? . . . Joan Bennett is divorced and has a daughter less than a year old?

ALL *in the* FAMILY

Some Memories of an American Home

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HOLIDAYS

IN all well regulated families there are customs so sanctified by time that they cease to be mere customs and rank with the famous laws of the Medes and Persians. This holds particularly true when there are large numbers of children.

Children, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, are conservative and dislike innovations. Any father who tells his children stories will bear me out in this. It is not new stories that are in demand, but the old ones. What is more, the slightest deviation from the original text is greeted by a horrified protest on the part of the children.

Our family has an entire folklore of traditions. There are certain nights when the children may sit up late. There are times when they may demand stories as their right. There are places at the table which they rank, and particular plates from which they are allowed to eat at certain intervals.

One of our customs is to make family reunions of certain holidays. Christmas is the most important of these.

At Christmas we always gather at Oyster Bay. In the old days there was just the one family at Sagamore Hill. Now the grown children have families of their own. The festivities really commence on Christmas Eve when we go to the carols in the little village Episcopal church.

Twelve Roosevelts, all near relatives, at Oyster Bay about 1905, when Theodore Roosevelt was President. Left to right, they are Quentin, Archie, Lorraine, Nicholas, Oliver, Ethel, Margaret, Theodore, Jr., Christine, George, Philip, and John.

When I was a child and snow was on the ground, we drove in a sledge. There were too many of us for an old-fashioned cutter to hold. The trip was made in the body of a farm wagon on double runners. There was a seat for the driver, another for Father and Mother, while the rest of us snuggled into the straw-filled bottom.

The snow creaked under the runners. The stars showed diamond-clear. The lights of the houses shone benevolently as we trotted past.

At the church the congregation was gathered—not the summer people who come and go with the good weather, but the native-born, bred on the land. There in a pew was sitting Miss Anstice, who had not missed a Sunday with her class for come these forty years. She was a dear old lady with a kind, wrinkled, brown face.

Close by was Mr. Groebel, a little brown German who gave me music lessons, to which I used to ride on a pony, my music book tied to the saddle with a bit of string. Everyone who goes to make up the life of a small village was there—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker.

Now we drive down in automobiles with our own children. Last year we put a line of little Roosevelt boys in the pew ahead. I was with my mother, and could almost feel her pride as she looked, not on the generation of her children, but on her grandsons, and saw them sturdy and numerous.

Around the other grown-ups in the congregation are scattered numbers of children, ranging from girls in the l jointed, gawky teens to diminutive round-faced rascals saucer-like eyes. The suppressed excitement adds to the lessness of the youthful churchgoers and the whole congr tion seems to seethe. Occasionally some three-year-old br loose and wanders aimlessly in the aisle until claimed.

The church is brightly lit. Greens drape its wooden raf To the left of the pulpit stands the tree, resplendent in and tinsel. A great pile of presents lie in the chancel, fla by oranges and candy. In front is Mr. Talmage in his b cassock and white surplice, his eyes twinkling benevol behind a large pair of glasses.

Then the service begins. After a hymn or two com short address. When Father was alive he made it. No falls to my Father used t light to tell once when President he rising to w forward, he greeted by f whispers fro of us: "Fat Don't speak l Think of the children!"

ANNU speeche the same audi at the same tival are n difficult. It isn ly impossible think of new jects each t Sometimes of years I have down and thought over this speech until my mind felt li pump in a dry well. My labors are complicated by the fact generally I have spoken fifty to a hundred times during intervening year. As a result, I have totally forgotten w the subject of my last Christmas address was.

A few years ago, when I had finished recounting the s of How Christmas Came to Sandy Bar, Mr. Talmage smili said to me, "Colonel, you tell that story better each ti With an awful vividness I realized that I had repeated entire speech of the previous Christmas.

The address finished, a perceptible sigh of relief comes f the children, for immediately after it follows the distribu of prizes. Books and medals are awarded for excellenc attendance at Sunday school. Boys with starched w collars, hair smoothed down except for an unruly tuft or walk forward stiff-leggedly when their names are called, bob acknowledgment. Girls dressed in their best, and n less self-conscious, follow.

Finally the service ends by all singing the hymn we h adopted for our own, which is not in the hymn-book. The line runs:

It is Christmas time on the river, it is Christmas time on the b

Where it came from none of us know, but it came a long t ago, for we have been singing it at our church for a coupl

Brown Bros. photo

esident Roosevelt, from a particularly good photograph taken at the ime of the Russo-Japanese peace conference, which he brought about.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her son Theodore, Jr., the present Colonel, about 1902.

red years. It was evidently used when Oyster Bay was a ng village and the men-folk put forth on long cruises d the Horn and into the Pacific.

at ends the service. We all wriggle our way into over- and mufflers and troop out, wishing Mr. Talmage a Merry tmas as he stands at the door.

the dark we pile into our machines and are off for home. vind whistles around us as we skirt the bay, where the caps are half seen in the faint starlight.

R house is still bright with lights. For days it has been led with mystery. The children have been making things ners by themselves. Under our big four-post bed pack- are piled; the closet is filled with them. Downstairs the drawing-room, marked "Private," has been shut off, for it is there the larger presents are being arranged for next day.

The evening is not over—not a bit of it. The stockings must be hung, regardless of age. There is only one left in my family who believes in Santa Claus, and even he is a little skeptical. Nevertheless, the custom continues.

Not only that, but on each stocking as it dangles limply from the mantelpiece the owner's name must be pinned, so that Santa Claus can make no mistake.

WHEN the children were young and more credulous Santa Claus was sometimes given difficult tasks. My daughter Gracie once wrote him asking for "a little girl twin, just my age, at once, please."

Gradually the children troop off to bed. The house is hushed. Only the grown-ups remain awake, feverishly wrapping up the last presents.

There is something about Christmas that is almost indescribable. I can remember lying in my crib in the nursery on Christmas Eve while the wind whistled and moaned about the gables at Sagamore Hill, and the fire cast flickering shadows on ceiling and wall, making the familiar bureau look like some strange animal.

In the hall and downstairs queer noises told of preparations for the next day. There was a tingle of mystery in the air. Peeping from between the blankets where I was snuggled, I saw Kermit's form in his flannel "tommies" rise goblin-like above the side of the crib. Almost inarticulate from excitement, he whispered, "Ted! You hear dat? What you s'pose it is?"

Next morning at 8 the day officially begins. For some time before this the children have been up. The patter of their feet and muffled exclamations have made us lamentably aware of the fact that sleep is over and we are delaying proceedings.

We put on our wrappers. They troop into the room, pounce on their stockings, and carry them to the big double bed. Then there is much rustling of paper and excited exclamations as each gift is pulled out. For some unknown reason, Santa Claus

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

in our family is a poet and attaches doggerel verses to most of the presents. These are read aloud, as each carries some personal reference to the recipient.

An ornate toothmug carries a verse purporting to come from the family dentist and giving some much needed admonitions as to diligence with a toothbrush. The meter is odd, the rhymes are odder, but each verse is greeted with shouts of delight.

The older generation used to have its stockings before breakfast. The result was that Christmas morning still suggests to me a cornucopia of Ridley's candy eaten hastily on an empty stomach. This practice my wife has wisely vetoed, and now the children are fed before the stockings are opened.

We dress and later go downstairs for the "big presents." The younger members, dancing with excitement, form a group at the drawing-room door. The curtains are pulled aside and everyone rushes to where their gifts are piled.

Soon the room becomes a maelstrom of paper and gifts, and looks as if some giant had emptied his scrap basket in it.

In one chair a child is sitting cross-legged reading a book. On the floor another, with trembling fingers, is putting together a train. In the corner a third is trying out a new flashlight, endeavoring to create sufficient darkness by hunching his coat over his head.

Then the household come in for their presents, which are given to them by the children. By this time it is noon and we all gather at Sagamore Hill for lunch, where Mother presides over a long table, lined on both sides with her children and grandchildren. The youngest are put by their mothers; the eldest, as less important, are by their fathers.

Great platters of food are brought in. There is a whole roast pig with an apple in its mouth. This year my youngest wanted to know, why the apple? There is cider in tall pitchers. Finally comes a plum pudding, burning bravely. The boys eat an appalling amount. As Sam Weller said, they seem to "swell wisibly."

NOW one would think that quiet and peace would reign. Far from it. In not more than fifteen minutes we get up and go to play games out of doors.

When the quick shadows of a December afternoon gather we meet in the big north room, where there is a Christmas tree for all of us, including the people on the place.

By nightfall the grown-ups are worn out, and do not share the wish of the little girl for "Christmas every day."

We try to have the children get a little more than simply fun out of the celebration by teaching them that giving is as much a part of the day as receiving. Every child gives presents, not only to his brothers and sisters, but to his parents also. There is a cabinet in my wife's room crammed with treasures of this type. There are eggshells blown and painted, carved wooden paper-cutters, a small boat made from a cake of soap with paper sails, and a couple of dozen other similar gifts.

My wife's mother had the same idea about presents. Once when Eleanor was five or six years old she was sitting in her little chair sewing. It was just before Christmas.

Her mother, who was in the room, thought it was a good chance to make sure that the little girl knew the significance of the festival that was approaching.

"Darling," she said, "do you know why we celebrate Christmas?"

Without hesitation Eleanor replied, "Why, yes, Mother, it is God's little boy's birthday, and I am making Him a kettle holder."

P. & A. photo

The present Christ Episcopal Church at Oyster Bay, and (above) the former chapel.

ON occasions such as Christmas, when a present is due me, Quentin, our youngest, is sometimes caught unprepared. It is very hard when you are only eight to remember things for long. The first time this happened he made a hasty survey of his belongings. His two elder brothers who were helping him decided that a little carved wood dwarf was the only thing I would like. It was a hard blow, for Quentin loved that little dwarf. My wife saw him, while he was wrapping it up, give it a kiss and say, "Good-by, little dwarf."

Realizing the sacrifice, when the presentation was made I thanked Quentin effusively and asked him if he would keep it for me. Thus all the proprieties were observed and no heartburnings were caused. This year the same thing happened. Again the dwarf was the offering, and again I returned it.

Most of the presents to parents have the initials marked on them. The gifts to my Mother for years were marked "M. R.," under the impression that those were her initials. They stood for Mother Roosevelt.

When Easter comes we have a mild and somewhat denatured Christmas. The Easter Bunny visits us and lays his eggs. These are presents for the various children. As a few years make so much difference in children, we have no competition in searching for them.

Mother once described to me an Easter at Albany during Father's term as governor. Both of them were hiding the presents. It was late at night, and Father was tired. He put one present on the gas globe, where it was in plain sight.

Mother protested, saying that anyone could see it there.

Father defended himself and explained that the principle always advanced in detective stories was that the obvious was never evident.

He was right. That was the last present found.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Betty's Hypothetical Question

Betty had been taught to be polite to her company. One day a little visitor appropriated all Betty's things and Betty didn't know what to do. Finally she appealed to her mother: "Mother, sometimes does company stay all day?"—Maureen McAdam, 350 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Aspiration

Our Jackie—with big blue eyes and an angelic smile, the pride of his parents for his good manners and his invariable kindness—was asked by his Sunday-school teacher what he wanted to be when he grew up. "Hard-boiled," said Jackie.—Mrs. C. B. Bailey, 908½ Horatio St., Tampa, Fla.

You remember Dixie Dugan, SHOW GIRL!

Read this new feature *by* J. P. McEvoy

DARLING NITA:

I'm in Hollywood. I have a movie contract. Tomorrow I start making faces at the camera. I will be what they call out here a lens louse. . . . Wait till I get in a couple of gloats. . . . Jimmy said I would go to hell sure in Hollywood and I told him not to be putting ideas into my young head. . . .

DIXIE

Show Girl, LIBERTY feature of last year, took the country by storm. Dixie Dugan, heroine, smart-cracking Broadway chorine, sparkled her way through fourteen issues of LIBERTY and then passed through the whole gamut of expression—newspaper, radio, moving picture, stage and book. Now Dixie is coming back to LIBERTY—in a smart, hilarious, uproaring, entrancing feature of Hollywood life.

If popularity is any measure of greatness, Show Girl was the great American story of the year. It was brought before more people than any other chronicle in years.

Here is the history of Show Girl:

Published first as a LIBERTY serial.

Second serial rights sold to a newspaper syndicate which published the story throughout America.

Published in book form by Simon and Schuster; it was a best seller over a period of many months.

Published by Brentano's in England.

European publishing rights sold to Traveller's Library; "Show Girl" translated into French, German, Swedish, and Danish.

Published as a newspaper serial in Germany.

Dramatic rights sold in Germany.

First National Pictures produced "Show Girl" featuring Alice White.

Dramatized by Mr. McEvoy for broadcasting over the Eveready Hour.

Published in popular reprint edition by Grosset and Dunlap.

Stage rights acquired by Ziegfeld. "Show Girl" will make its Broadway debut in July.

Sound pictures will claim McEvoy's prodigy following the Ziegfeld production.

Believe it or not, "Show Girl in Hollywood" is even smarter, swifter, and funnier than the original famous "Show Girl." Dixie Dugan's wise cracks will soon be on the lips of every member of the smart crowd in America. Don't miss this riotous story starting next week in

Liberty
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Show Girl in Hollywood—Starting Next Week

Puzzles

A Story of Homemade Romance

By

INEZ SABASTIAN

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

Kirby's amazement matched hers. He stood there, holding the helmet, listening as if she spoke in a foreign tongue.

WHEN Cynthia Baker married Kirby Laird, she joyously and quite unsuspectingly climbed into a seat on a cyclone. For to Cynthia a penny saved was at least two cents earned; she had been taught to conserve even her emotions. And to Kirby, who was an artist, extravagance was the soul of inspiration.

He was in the habit of spending whatever he had for whatever he wanted, if he wanted it badly enough. The instant he met Cynthia, when she was graduating from Vassar, he wanted her overwhelmingly. At once he planned to give up everything for her, even the sketching trip through Spain on which he had expected to start the following week. With the money he had saved for it he bought her a ring. He spent his freedom also, and his chance to do the work he wanted to do, and got a job in a commercial art agency.

"All I've got to offer you is my ability—and the fact that I worship you," he said, when he asked her to marry him. "But I'm sure I can make good. Will you take me on faith?"

And she, who had never known that it was possible to care for anyone as she did for him, slipped one of her sturdy, deceptively slim little fingers into the ring, and trembled just a little from excitement as she said "Yes."

When they were married, two months later, she thought that she knew him, because nothing had prepared her for the tremendous difference in temperaments that lay between them. Her first shock came when they went apartment hunting.

"But, Kirby, we can't afford this one; we'd better take that other one, in the back, even though it isn't so light and the view—"

"We can afford this," he answered, barely turning from the window where he had been standing since he entered the room. There was a view of the East River and of two of the bridges that swoop so airily across it. Then and there he sat down and made a sketch of that view, and two days later he sold it to an advertising agency for money enough to pay a month's rent. To Cynthia it savored of black magic.

TO her, earning a living was a straightforward business, the sort of thing she had planned to do before she met Kirby. You got a job, gave one-tenth of your salary to charity, saved another tenth, did your work during certain hours, and tried to learn enough to get a better job and save more. To Kirby, work was something you hated until you got at it, and then adored; something you had to work yourself into the mood for, or be driven into doing by a special incentive.

He was quite likely to come home desperate because he hadn't been able to accomplish what he wanted to during the day.

"Let's go somewhere," he'd urge. "Somewhere" usually meant going to dinner, then to the theater, afterward to supper—and Kirby favored rather expensive restaurants.

Wretchedly, on the way home, Cynthia would huddle into a corner of the taxi—Kirby always took taxis—and count up the evening's cost.

"Let's see; dinner was six—no, seven dollars and forty cents, and then he tipped the waiter, and there was the taxi to the theater, and those seats—he bought them from a scalper—" The result was always devastating.

But Kirby would rush into the living room, hurl his hat and coat on the floor, and plunge toward his drawing board. In two hours he would have done the work he had agonized over all day.

One month, two months, three rolled past, and they weren't saving any money. Of course, they were furnishing their apartment; but, to Cynthia, you saved money though the heavens fell. She spoke to Kirby about it, and he laughed and told her that he wasn't making enough to save anything worth while.

"But even two dollars every week piles right up, and the savings banks pay compound interest, you know," she urged.

He reached out one long arm and drew her close to him.

"You baby, you," he said indulgently, "I'll buy you a little tin bank for your pennies tomorrow."

Of course, she reflected, he didn't know how to save because of the heathenish way he'd been brought up. Kirby's father had been an artist, and whenever he made some money the small family would go journeying off to some new place where Jerome Laird could let newly seen beauty sink into his inner self and evoke fresh inspiration. Betweentimes they had lived in cheap rooming houses, waiting for the next adventure. When Kirby was ten, he could pack his clothes and his young sister's in half an hour, while she sat by, keeping an eagle eye on proceedings, so that he wouldn't forget any of her toys. Once, in Berlin, he had left out a small iron stove, and had had to carry it under his arm all the way to Paris.

KIRBY had chuckled as he told Cynthia of those wanderings, but at times his voice had grown quieter, deeper, as he recalled scenes and moments whose beauty could even now lend wings to his spirit. He told Cynthia about them, too: about the summer spent on a farm in Norway, where it was light all night; about the winter in a little old hotel in Martigny, at the foot of the St. Bernard Pass, where his father had tucked the children in under their feather beds, and told them tales of how Hannibal, and then Napoleon, had passed over that very ground at the head of their armies. And there had been the months spent in a shack at the edge of the Indiana sand dunes, where his father had painted the pictures that made his reputation.

They had sailed on junky little boats, those three, and lived in cheap quarters, and when Jerome Laird died, there hadn't been much money for his son and daughter. But they had been old enough by that time to look out for themselves. "And he gave us something that's meant far more than money to both of us," Kirby said.

To Cynthia it was pathetic, that hodgepodge of experiences, that scatterbrained growing up of two small children. Sometimes they hadn't even had enough to eat; once, in London, Jerome Laird had worked for a grocer to earn his children's Christmas dinner. And then—the next week he'd sold two pictures and they'd gone to Egypt!

"If his mother had lived, Kirby wouldn't have grown up that way," she decided. "Well, I'll have to do what she would have done—show him how important it is to save money."

Because, of course, it was simply impossible to live on twice your income, as she and Kirby were doing at present, depending on his having a sudden inspiration and an order for outside work at the same time to pay their bills. True, the extra orders had a way of bobbing up in just the nick of time, and the book jackets and Christmas cards that Kirby turned out to fill them were some of the best things that he did. But Cynthia couldn't get over feeling that she was buying her groceries and paying her rent with stage money.

Kirby thought her passion for saving rather amusing at first. And there was another thing that amused him, even though he was impressed by it. That was her honesty. Not that he wasn't scrupulously honest him-

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"And I can use that instead of the sketch I've been slaving over all day!" he cried.

[PUZZLES
Continued from page forty-five]

self, but hers had a way of cropping out in the most uncomfortable ways.

There were the dish towels she bought at a sale, for instance. Someone's inefficiency doubled the order, and two dozen were sent, though she had paid for only one. Cynthia returned the extra dozen, and they were sent back to her. She telephoned, wrote notes, journeyed through Christmas crowds to the store, stood in line for hours, and spent far more than the forty-two cents the towels had cost. She tried to pay for them, and that merely made matters worse than ever. In the end she had to accept them, because by that time the store's accounts were so badly bungled.

During the progress of the affair she had had her coat torn in a subway jam, lost her best gloves, and was so late for a dinner engagement that she had to take a taxi, which cost her ninety cents. Kirby bought her a bunch of the silvery leaves of the honesty plant as consolation, and laughed—when she couldn't hear him—till he was breathless.

She said no more about saving money, merely squeezing what she could out of her allowance. But when Kirby brought home the Cromwell helmet, her thoughts poured into words before she could stop them.

It was during the bitterest of the autumn weather, and Cynthia had been imploring Kirby to buy a new coat because his old one was so thin. He had said that he couldn't afford to, and then he came rushing in one evening, shouting to her to see what he'd got. She ran, expecting him to display a new overcoat. And, instead, there he stood holding out something which at first had no meaning for her.

"It's genuine—worn by one of Cromwell's soldiers—got it at an auction of armor, dirt cheap!" he stammered, caressing it with one of his thin, strong hands. "Gosh, I was lucky. Just drifted in there on my way home, and picked up this helmet. Isn't it marvelous?"

"But I—it—"

"Oh, of course the screws are modern," he admitted apologetically—as if she had even known that the thing had screws! "But I can get a man from the museum to put the right ones in; he won't charge over twelve dollars a day."

AND then Cynthia found herself talking, rapidly, tersely, asking if he hadn't remembered how badly he needed an overcoat, telling him that he must realize that just because a thing was cheap and you wanted it was no reason for buying it when you needed something else so much more, and ought to save your money, anyway.

Her voice trembled over the words (she had cried that morning when he went off in the cold rain) and her knees shook so that she slumped into the nearest chair.

She had never known him to be so happy since the day that they were married.

Kirby's amazement matched hers. He stood there, holding the helmet, listening as if she spoke in a foreign tongue of which he knew but a few words. Then, finally, he turned away, rewrapping his treasure clumsily in its dingy cloth, and put it into the closet where they kept overshoes and umbrellas. He did not mention it again.

But he did no more drawing, evenings, while she sat sewing by the fire; merely sat and watched the flames, looking as if he had lost something essential to his life. She knew, because of his lack of comment on it, that he was having a hard struggle with his work at the office. He didn't even take her to picture exhibitions on Saturday afternoons any more. She had told him, tearfully, how sorry she was that she had spoken as she had—she had no right to interfere in his affairs; and he had said, "Why, that was all right," with a smile that made her heart ache. For two weeks he was subdued, agreeable, colorless, and Cynthia ferociously denounced herself for what she had done to him.

Then, one evening, he strode in gayly with a shimmering old Chinese vase on which a golden dragon tried to make his head meet his tail, and after dinner he slaved away in his corner of the room, pausing sometimes for a long look at the suave beauty of the vase, getting up once to come over and kiss her before he went jubilantly back to his work.

"I'll never say anything like that to him again—never—no matter what he does with his money," she vowed. "He just has to do things his own way."

But she could not resist trying to economize. Although they lived in a neighborhood sprinkled thickly with small restaurants where a good dinner could be had for seventy-five cents, she began getting dinner at home. Her marketing was needlessly expensive, because she knew so little about doing it, and the dinners were a sickening failure, since she was one of those unfortunates to whom cooking must always be drudgery. To her, you couldn't do anything to meat and vegetables but transform them from a raw state to an edible one. But she did her best, and Kirby never complained, although he didn't seem to be very hungry any more at dinnertime.

HE grew thin, hollow cheeked, and a tiny frown began to draw his brows together. They never went out in the evenings now, unless it was to a free lecture at a public school or for a walk in the park. He tried hard to work at home, nagging himself into irritation that frightened her, and took to tramping around the room, or standing at the window looking out at the river. Cynthia was worried, and gave him a tonic, which he took obediently enough. It never occurred to her that he was blaming himself because he didn't earn more money so that she wouldn't have to try so hard to save, any more than it occurred to him that she saved money simply because she couldn't help it.

What he wanted most was to take her traveling, give her all the wondrous beauty that had been so important a part of his own life. She'd never gone anywhere, except to Buffalo, once, to visit an aunt. She herself, he thought, had the explicit, clear loveliness of a good etching, and her character had it as well, with its unbending honesty that refused ever to compromise, no matter how great the provocation.

"She loves me with her whole self, yet if it came to a toss-up I believe she'd give me up rather than tell a lie," he confided to Bill Huntoon.

He would have been stunned had he known that when he talked of taking her abroad she shrank from the thought in horror. What she wanted was a little house that would belong to them, somewhere in the country, and a settled income large enough to give Kirby a chance to work at his painting, and two children—at least two. That was her idea of an earthly paradise.

Kirby's mental slump lasted for weeks, reaching its worst depths when he came home and told her that some work he had been wrestling with unsuccessfully had been taken from him and given to another man. Never before had his ability failed him.

"I know what I want to do, but I simply can't do it," he told her, bewildered as a child that has been unjustly punished.

And then, the very next night, he came storming up the stairs, whistling jubilantly.

"What do you think?" he cried as he hurtled into the kitchenette, ignoring her warning "Darling, you'll upset those prunes!" "What do you think?" he repeated excitedly. "This is the greatest thing yet. I'm going to make tons of money!"

"Did you get a raise at the office?" she asked.

He didn't even hear her.

"I've bought a share in an inventor—fellow Bill Huntoon knows. Bill and Walter Moore and I are going to finance this chap for a year. We'll chip in twenty-five a week apiece, so that he can support his family and not be tied down to a job. Then, whenever he sells something, he gets a fourth of the money and we split the rest. Isn't that great? When you think of the money that's made out of inventions every year—millions of dollars—and lots of 'em are the simplest things in the world. Look at the radio! And this chap—Nicholas Toby's his name—he's exactly the kind you've always thought of as an inventor: dreamy, you know, impractical. Needs somebody to manage him. Bill's going to do that. Why, Bill's father knew a man who invented a dinkus they use in movies, but he wasn't practical and he sold it for next to nothing, and other people made a fortune out of it."

Cynthia felt as if someone had pointed a fire hose at her stomach and turned the water on full strength.

"Toby's done some marvelous toys," Kirby went on. "Only they cost too much to manufacture. He needs a practical man to advise him. Oh, honey heart, I'll take you to Spain, and to Switzerland, and down through the Great Smokies in Carolina—everywhere!"

She hardly dared speak for fear of what she would find herself saying. Never had she seen him so exuberant before. She remembered the Cromwell helmet.

HE talked gayly all through dinner, all through the early evening, drawing little maps to show her where they'd go, making a sketch of a woman he'd seen in Holland, riding a bicycle, the wings of her wide cap flapping in the breeze, and on the front of the machine, and also on the back, a chunky little girl likewise attired in wide-winged caps and billowing skirts, gazing complacently at a near-by windmill.

"And I can use *that* instead of the sketch I've been slaving over all day!" he cried suddenly, and rushed over to his drawing board, where he remained until 2 in the morning.

Kirby was so eager, so interested, in the days that followed that Cynthia told herself constantly how cruel it would be to disillusion him. He seemed not to know that his last presentable suit was precariously thin in its most essential spots, not to care that he was all but barefoot. He gave Cynthia the same allowance that he always had, and she was more and more economical about food and put more and more money into the bank. They'd need it, she told herself grimly.

He and Bill Huntoon talked, on the evenings when he wasn't working, about the inventions Toby, genius that he was, would turn out. Cynthia asked what the gifted Toby was doing at present.

"Oh, just sort of feeling his way along," Bill told her airily. "A man like that can't be hurried, you know."

Kirby brought the inventor home to dinner, and Cynthia's fears were realized. For Toby was a middle-aged failure—a chinless man with straggling blond hair, who gazed at the world uncomprehendingly through pale, nearsighted eyes. To make matters worse, he broke the green luster bowl that had been Kirby's first gift to Cynthia.

She fled to the kitchen, to lean against the closed door and pound her clenched hands together in a frenzy.

"The nincompoop—the addlepate!" she raved. "The blunderboob! How on *earth* Kirby can throw away perfectly good money on him—twenty-five dollars a week! If he'd just save that much—"

And then, quite without warning, the idea rose up before her, exploded into being by the force of her emotion. She stood there, staring at the gas stove without seeing it, wondering why she hadn't thought of this solution before. Kirby needn't know a thing about it till it had worked out, and then how pleased he'd be!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Coupon is our ad

Words, we know, will never win you. So we stand or fall on 7-days' trial. Yet this simple test has made Palmolive Shaving Cream a leader quickly

GENTLEMEN: All any advertising can accomplish is to secure a trial of the product. After that the article itself must do its own selling.

So great is our confidence in Palmolive Shaving Cream that we do not ask you to buy; rather, to try it at our expense. For we find that 86% of men who try it, buy it. And its great success is based on the fact that it sells itself every time you use it.

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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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Now a trial, please

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4643

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 37 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

HE broke the green luster bowl that had been Kirby's first gift to Cynthia.

[PUZZLES
Continued from page forty-seven]

How plainly he'd see that you simply have to save money!

"But it'll be a lie; you'll be deceiving him," her always ready conscience warned her. She hesitated an instant, then brutally knocked it senseless for the moment with the realization of all she'd be doing for Kirby.

The next morning she phoned Bill Huntoon and asked herself to luncheon with him. He had been one of the big boys who teased her when she first went to school, and one of her best friends after she grew up. Like most of her old friends, he was devoted to Kirby.

"Bill, you've got plenty of money, haven't you?" she began. "Oh, I'm not going to borrow any. But you've got enough, haven't you, to take over Kirby's share in Nicholas Toby?"

"Why—why, yes, I have," he answered, puzzled. "But I thought Kirby was keen about—"

"He is, Bill; he still thinks Toby is a second Edison," she answered hastily. "But I don't. I think backing Toby is just throwing money into the gutter. And we ought to be saving ours, to invest it in Kirby himself, so that he could give up his job and just paint. So I wondered if you'd be willing to take Kirby's share of that—that man, without saying anything to Kirby about it, and give me the money Kirby pays you, to put into the bank," she finished tumultuously.

"BUT how will you square things with him?" Bill demanded. "Cynthia, you're monkeying with a buzz saw. Kirby adores you, and your honesty is one of the things that he loves most. Think how it'll hurt him, disillusion him, when he knows that you've tricked him. And think of how he'll feel when he knows that you didn't have faith in him. Honestly, Cyn—"

"Don't you suppose I know how he loves me?" she cried. "And don't you suppose I hate the thought of tricking him? It's just about more than I can stand. But oh, Bill, when I see him slaving over ads, and know how much he wants to paint, and realize that marrying me is what's tied him down, I feel that I'd steal or commit murder to get money for him. Why, do you know what he plans to do when he gets some money? Spend it on me! He wants to take me abroad!" Her tone was sepulchral.

"Oh, Bill, he's just got to have his chance! Now, you've been backing Toby for a month. That leaves eleven months still, and that's forty-eight weeks. That's twelve hundred dollars, and the savings banks pay four and a quarter per cent interest, and it's compounded. That would be enough so that Kirby could stop working at the end of the year. Oh, Bill, can't you see that it's just got to be done?"

"High finance! Well, what are you planning to do? Let the thing go on for a year and then tell him? What if Toby turns out something in the meantime that sells?"

"OH, if *that* should happen I could take care of it," she answered, with an indulgent little laugh for the wild supposition. "I've got some money in the bank that I made tutoring in college. I'd give you his share, and you could give it to him. You'll do it, won't you? Kirby's got to have that money, got to have his chance to paint while he still wants to do it. If he goes on with the work he's doing now for much longer, he'll develop into just one more drudge, and never really find himself at all. Bill, you won't refuse me, will you?"

And because Bill loved her as well as Kirby, he said that he would.

For two months the new bank account grew steadily. And week after week Kirby came home at night eager to get at the work he was doing outside the office. He had picked up some orders that brought in money, and Saturdays and Sundays he devoted to his painting. He sent two marines to an exhibition of small paintings, and sold them for fifty dollars apiece. The money was promptly turned over to Cynthia, who put it into the bank. He was working now in his best form, and she had never known him to be so happy since the day that they were married.

"Got more stuff than I can use," he told her jubilantly. "Just thinking about what this Toby business will mean to us seems to have pulled the cork, and ideas come tumbling out faster than I can use 'em."

She made him buy things for himself with some of his money—clothes that he had to have, new brushes and paints. They took a quick trip to Bermuda, pure wretch-

edness for her, undiluted joy for him. She took some money out of her own private account and had the right screws put into the Cromwell helmet. And he bought things for her, in riotous delight—a fitted traveling bag, dozens of pairs of pale suède gloves, two old lapis bracelets.

She loved them, but was more than ever convinced that she must teach him the value of saving money. Her conscience had come to life and was arguing with her daily. Never before had she deceived anyone, and here she was, tricking the one person in the world who meant most to her.

"But it's for his own good!" she declared insistently. "And I love him so!"

Early in May, Bill Huntoon phoned Cynthia. His voice sounded amused.

"Hate to say 'I told you so,' my dear, but our man Toby's sold a puzzle," he announced.

"He—how much did he get for it?"

"Oh, just a small retaining fee, so far—two hundred dollars. A man over in Jersey's going to try it out, and pay us a percentage of the sales."

"Then Kirby's share is fifty dollars? All right, I'll bring the money to you this afternoon," she told him.

"Very well, Mrs. Machiavelli," he laughed. "But I warn you once more, get ready for the landslide."

"Don't you worry about me," she retorted gayly.

Really, a person would think that a successful business man like Bill would have more sense! Wait till that man tried to sell the puzzle!

Kirby was as excited as a child with his first Christmas tree that night. Cynthia had a bad evening; her conscience was rampant. She hadn't realized before just how much this investment in Toby meant to her husband.

A MONTH later Bill phoned her again. This time he was sympathetic.

"Bad news for you, Cynthia," he warned her. "Crimmins, the manufacturer who took Toby's puzzle, is having swell luck with it. Just put a few salesmen on the job, and he's had some repeat orders already. We get our split every month, and we'll nick you for just one hundred and twenty-nine dollars this time, old girl."

"But, Bill, the silly thing sells for only a quarter!" Cynthia protested.

"That's why it sells so well," he retorted amiably.

Well, that made $179 so far. She wasn't at all amused this time when she went to the bank. Still, there would still be $121 in the bank to Bill's credit on the Toby account, and this would be the end, of course. A bit of luck in one locality didn't mean that the silly puzzle was a success.

Bill and Kirby staged a celebration that night, and, listening to her husband's jubilant explosions, Cynthia told herself that she felt like a horse thief. Perhaps if she'd known how he'd feel—and that he'd be so stimulated by the whole affair that he'd do so much more work—

She began to feel worried. Yet she couldn't admit, even to herself, that she had been wrong. The principle of the thing was right, she insisted to herself, while Bill told Kirby in detail just how the puzzle was going to sweep the country, and Kirby excitedly told Bill the same things at the same time.

Kirby made things even worse, when they were alone, by trying to tell her how he felt, how pleased he was that she wouldn't have to take him on faith any more. He might be an impractical artist, but, by George, he could be business man enough to take care of his wife! She began to be worried.

By the last of June Kirby had $221 in the bank. In July, Bill reported that the proceeds were so small that he had urged Crimmins to turn all the profits back into the manufacturing end.

"He didn't try to sell any this month; he's planning on a big campaign later," he announced to Kirby and Walter Moore, who had just come back from the west. Cynthia, looking at the three, chuckled over that. Poor babies, they couldn't bear to admit defeat.

Then, in August, the landslide began. No vacation-bound trunk or suitcase was complete without at least one of Toby's puzzles. People were going mad over it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Make assurance doubly sure with

Aqua Velva

for After-Shaving!

Assurance that your shave will end pleasantly, with a wakening, stimulating thrill—
Aqua Velva is the answer.

¶ Assurance that tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions, often unseen, are cared for properly—
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¶ Assurance that your skin will be toned up, invigorated, helped toward firmness, not toward flabbiness—
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¶ Assurance that your after-shaving preparation will do all that any other has ever done before—and a lot more—
Aqua Velva!

¶ Aqua Velva is made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream. It is the product of many years of research. It will *keep* your skin all day as the super mild, super moist Williams lather leaves it, flexible and *Fit!*

¶ Men who value face comfort, who consider Face Fitness a reasonable requirement, *make assurance doubly sure* by using Aqua Velva after shaving.

❦ ❦ ❦

¶ Start your summer mornings with Aqua Velva. Now and then through the day, if you feel a bit fagged, wash your face and apply Aqua Velva generously. Good treatment for the skin. Brightens up the day!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. L79, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Away with — *smoke, odors, heat,* ..use a G-E Utility Fan

An extraordinary fan—and low in price ...the General Electric Household Utility Fan. It has many important features that make it almost indispensable in any home.

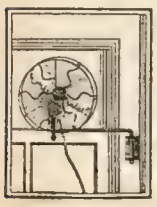
It draws in fresh air, blows out fumes, heat and smoke. It stirs up the air in the room and can be moved to any room in your house (two bracket supports are furnished with each fan). It does not obstruct daylight and creates no draught. It is as useful in winter as in summer and costs less than one-half a cent an hour to run.

Despite all its advantages, this Utility Fan sells for less than half the price of any other fan that serves the same purpose. Only $14 and it is guaranteed by General Electric.

If your dealer doesn't handle General Electric Fans, write for information to Sec. F-336, Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

New this year—ten-inch models. Be sure to see them!

Buy where you see this sign



The sign of a G. E. Fan Dealer

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PUZZLES
Continued from page forty-nine

Two hundred of Kirby's $221 went to Bill for the August sales. The sum would have been larger, but Crimmins was having difficulty in keeping up with the output, and Bill had turned some of the money back to him.

In September the puzzle began to take its place with famous fads, from "Punch, brother, punch with care," to the cross-word craze. There was a mushroom growth of imitators. The puzzle was sold in drug stores and stationery shops, and on trains. It was sent to Cynthia by friends in Seattle, Duluth, and Boston, and those who didn't send it wrote about it. Cynthia got five for her birthday. "The most fascinating thing you ever saw," they all said.

She gnashed her teeth and called the janitor, only to fall over him, sitting on the stairs and working the puzzle, when she went out. Bill's prediction was coming true: he had said that it would charm both infants and adults.

Cynthia couldn't understand it. How *could* it get all over the country so quickly? Bill tried to explain, but she was so dismayed that she hardly heard his explanations. Toby was hard at work on another one. When Cynthia was alone she walked the floor and wrung her hands, and wondered, in a detached way, why her wretchedness could find only stereotyped ways of expressing itself. She grew so thin that Kirby's anxiety interfered with his work. And the September profits wiped out his bank account and hers as well.

THE end would come in October, she told herself. She would cling to that one last golden month, and then she'd confess, and after that things would never be the same. Kirby would hate her. He'd try not to let her realize that he did, of course. But when he found out that she'd deceived him, and snatched a fortune away from him as well, he'd loathe the sight of her. He was planning now that they would buy a little car and start out, in November, to travel across the country.

"We'll catch the dunes in Indiana before winter comes, and then swing south; we'll have Christmas down there—no, let's have snow for Christmas! *Then* let's go south, and be in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras, and—"

It hurt unbearably, agonizingly—hurt her soul.

Life without Kirby—colorless, drab, not worth having. Not to have him come home to her at night, not to wake from her first sleep and know that he was out in the living room, humming softly to himself over his drawing board, and then drift into dreams again, barely waking when he kissed her gently when he came to bed. Even if she went on living under the same roof with him, it wouldn't be the same.

Toward the last of the month they spent a week-end with some friends who lived in Connecticut, about an hour's ride from New York. Jim and Christine Hoyt lived in a shabby old house which was overrun by their babies, and Cynthia, helping to feed the children, helping to bathe them and put them to bed, hardly heard her hostess' whimsical complaints about bringing up a family on no money at all.

But Kirby heard, and when he and Cynthia went for a walk on Sunday afternoon, he confided to her that he'd like to lend Jim some money when the next puzzle payment came along, if she didn't mind.

Cynthia didn't answer. For as they rounded a curve in the road she saw, suddenly, the crystallization of the scene of her dreams.

It was a small house, and white, and it had sat down comfortably against the side of a hill to enjoy the wide sweep of a valley. Bare trees, claiming a new beauty now that their leaves were gone, lifted themselves triumphantly against the clear, pale blue of the sky. Tawny yellow fields dropped sharply away from the little house, but there was space about it for a garden.

Cynthia could see that garden; could see the stately lines of purple and white phlox that would edge it, the way that the roses would climb over the house, curtaining it with pink and yellow. She could see the front porch strewn with toys, as the Hoyts' was.

This was home, journey's end. But she would never have it now, not even after Kirby had done with his

traveling. He would never want to settle down under the wistaria to paint, because tolerance would have taken the place of love; she would never weed a sweet-William border, with a sturdy young son giving enthusiastic and mistaken assistance. Kirby wouldn't want to live with her, have a family; he'd think only of how he could get away from her now.

"What a house!" he was saying, and hurrying up the path to peer into the windows. "Got a fireplace six feet long!" he shouted over his shoulder to her. "Come and see."

She went, slowly, to stand beside him on the porch.

"Do you know, honey," he exclaimed suddenly, straightening up, "I've been thinking since last night when I saw you with those kids of the Hoyts'. You don't really want to travel, do you? You'd rather settle down somewhere like this, and have some babies of your own."

She could only nod, her eyes brimming with tears.

"And I—well, what I've always wanted was adventure," he went on thoughtfully. "Something to stir me up, make me work. And when Chris was talking about the way they slave to make ends meet, I—well, it struck me that marrying and bringing up a family is about the greatest adventure there is. Of course, having the Toby money takes the kick out of it. I've never been used to having enough so that I didn't have to work, and I'm not sure that I like the idea. If we didn't have that, I'd give up my job anyway, and depend on free-lancing. I'm sure enough of my market now to do it—why, I'd be able to paint better stuff than I could any other way. Do it betweentimes, you know. I'd have the biggest incentive in the world."

CYNTHIA'S hands began to beat themselves together, in time with the beating of her heart. Her throat ached. Somehow she found a voice, one that didn't sound like her own.

"We haven't got the Toby money," she said stupidly. "I stole it from you." She made herself look up at him then, made herself tell the wretched tale to the end: how she'd felt so sure that he didn't realize what he was doing, how she'd believed that she must make him over, teach him to save money.

At first she thought it was anger that made his eyes so bright. Even when she found herself in his arms she could not believe that she was there.

"You mean that you deceived me?" he cried incredulously. "That you tricked me—you, the most honest person in the world? That you—you—oh, Cynthia darling, sweetheart—you must have loved me more than I ever dreamt you could!"

THE END

How Many Mistakes Here?

Several mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find them without consulting the list on page seventy-five.

the blues away

POISONS gone—and troubles with them! Swiftly, thoroughly, gently the tasteless new laxative in each cool white mint-flavored Feen-a-mint tablet puts you right with nature.

Acts without griping or cramping or dangerous habit-forming after-effects—because the chewing releases its laxative gradually. Tastes and looks like delicious gum.

And the laxative in Feen-a-mint won't drug the system. It is not absorbed, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done!

Of course children love Feen-a-mint! Keep it on hand for the whole family. It solves one of the biggest of present-day problems.

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Joe's laughing—let him tell you all about it with his laugh-full words and cartoons.

Write to Joe, % Lustberg, Nast & Co., Dept. D6, 329 Broadway, New York and ask him to send you his Lustray Choke-proof Laugh Kit FREE!

LUSTRAY BROADCLOTH SHIRTS $1.95

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Vox

You See, It's This Way—

LOUISVILLE, KY.—As to theory, "The Red Napoleon" is not too presumptuous.

The yellow races, today, far exceed the white, and, since they are about twice as prolific, it is not an exaggeration to assume that they might some day gain world prestige and controlling power.

I am not conversant with the ways of white women in some foreign countries, but I do know that the American woman is not fulfilling, today, the position God intended that she should.

Since women have shown a proclivity for wayward living and a dread of home life, is it preposterous to assume that, some day, they will be subjected to the will of the yellow man, as God's punishment for their failure to abide by His desires?

It's a sure thing that if they don't raise children in numbers to compete with the yellow hordes, they cannot expect their country to be safe from foreign aggression.

The boys who saw service Over There can tell you how terrible the World War was, but no one, not even Mr. Gibbons with his superlative power of imagination, can picture the gruesomeness of the next war.

And it will come, that next war.—*G. H. L. C. V.*

An Awe-Inspiring—

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Since reading Floyd Gibbons' "Red Napoleon," I find myself living under a mortal fear of bewhiskered gents. And every street cleaner I pass seems to me to look like

Karakhan, and to be brooding over plans for world revolution, and the gospel according to St. Marx.

The story is real, vivid, and awe-inspiring. If anything it tends to be *too* realistic.

I am hoping that none of the copies of LIBERTY that contain that serial find their way into Russia, as I'm afraid that quite a few young bloods will be selling their pigs and buying horses preparatory to the drive for world dominance.—*A Reader.*

—Sinister—

SILVER SPRING, MD.—One must be very simple minded not to recognize in "The Red Napoleon" part of a systematic propaganda designed to eliminate freedom of speech and of the press for all who oppose the militarist and jingo faction.—*I. N. L.*

—Truthful—

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.—Despite the clamoring of weak-kneed pacifists who, in the face of all past history, still think the world can be protected against war by beautifully embossed treaties and a few oratorical prayers to the Great Unknown, it is inevitable that war will come just as Gibbons tells. He may be wrong on dates and actual personalities, but the fundamental cause and effect is there just the same.—*Paul W. Holmes.*

—Dastardly Piece

CHARLOTTE, MICH.—Your "Red Napoleon" is as dastardly a piece of literature as I have seen yet, and if it doesn't at least stir up some international dispute you will have sadly missed your goal.—*G. R. W.*

It's a Gift

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I have been interested in your new department of "How Many Mistakes Here?" and in examining the drawing in your issue of May 11, I found so many errors, in addition to the specified number, that it made me dizzy.

I believe the fair-haired boy who produced this sketch made as many unintentional mistakes as intentional ones.

For example: he purposely omitted the wire from the telephone receiver, but the wire he did put in is represented as entering the instrument at the side of the base, instead of at the back, as it should be. In the matter of the clock: regardless of which is the hour and which is the minute hand, their relative positions would never be as shown in the drawing.

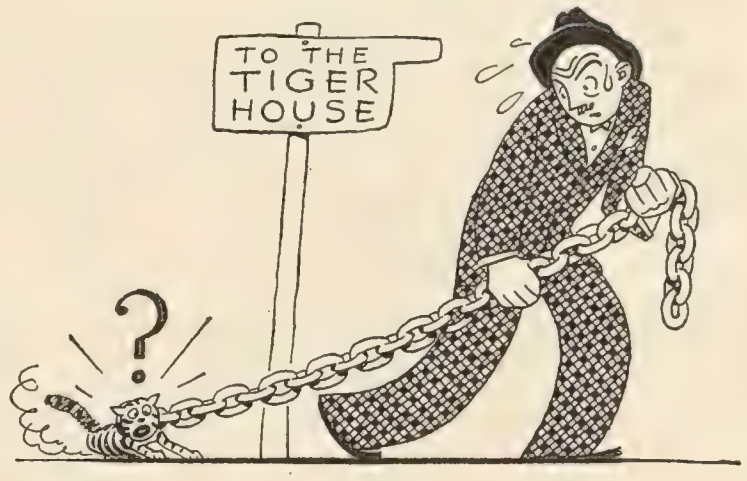
The old lady standing before the counter has a large, bright window at her right and, Lord bless us, she casts a dense, black shadow directly in front of her.

And there is no good reason why the usual handle in the front of the cash register drawer should not have been indicated, nor the crank handle at the side, which should be partly visible.

Tell your artist not to worry his brain trying to think up mistakes for future drawings. He can evidently make plenty without trying.—*May B. Wrong.*

Read It a Third Time: You May Think of Something Better

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jimminy crickets! Do you want to drive us all bughouse? That story by Rex Beach, "The Cat Man," had the kick of a mule. When I'd finished it I felt goggle-eyed and



shivery. So much so that when my harmless and much-petted puss, Lovely Lucy by name, came up and rubbed her side against my leg, I jumped right up into the air.

After reading the story a second time, I'm considering putting a dog collar and a chain on her, and taking her to the animal house in the zoo, to live with the other tigers.—*Nat.*

Sweetness and Light. Yessir

TORONTO, CAN.—As soon as I bought the May 18 edition of LIBERTY the essence of "The Cat Man" filtered through the cover of the magazine and nauseated my sense of well-being. After I read the story I was entirely disgusted.

Of course these feelings only demonstrate the power of Rex Beach's pen, but, I prithee, are such stories necessary? Most people read a story for enjoyment and not the instigation of a string of loathsome nightmares.

Print more of his stories only when he turns his hand to more pleasing topics—or, at least, leaves the bats and cats alone.—*R. A. B.*

He'd Keep It and Read It

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The only reason I buy LIBERTY is to help a blind man out, but if he could see what he's selling I think he would change his trade.—*J. F. Louis.*

Aw, Yo Ho Yourself

CHICAGO, ILL.—Grace Robinson sure knows her millionaires, and proved it in that write-up of hers, "Pleasure Hunting in a Big Way."

The thing in that article that put a smile on my face was the part about the New York broker who managed to bathe at Palm Beach and do his trading on the Stock Exchange at the same time, by hiring three boys to run for him between the water's edge and a brokerage office

Pop

in the Breakers Hotel. When he saw a boy coming he'd swim into shallow water and get the latest market dope, and give his orders to buy or sell.

Why not improve on this, and put a ticker on a raft anchored out beyond the

breakers? There'd be a dozen telephones on it, and the merry bathing brokers would dive, swim, climb back, and trade—then plunge in again. It's too much to expect those birds even to come into shallow water.

Yo ho for sea-goin' bulls and bears!—*Grace Robinson Addict.*

All Sub-Salty Said Was That Women Are Made of Trash

At Sea—Well, here I am, joining the ranks of the half-wits by writing a letter to Vox Pop. I use half-wit advisedly, as some of your customers seem to possess at least a glimmering of the ordinary or garden variety of intelligence.

Not so this egg that signs himself Sub-Salty. Where does he get that "salty" idea? In order to be salty—that is, gain an accumulation of sea-dust—a person must needs go to sea. It can't be done living in a barracks at the submarine base in Coco Solo.

The moron also has the nerve to call himself a sailor. Submarines don't carry sailors on their complement sheet. The poor sap probably means man-o'-war's man. Sailors in the navy are few and far between.

And where did he gain his experience of the gentler sex? Sands Street, Brooklyn, perhaps—and then, again, he may have been hanging around the Metropole, or Kelly's Ritz.

A person can readily see that some little gal took the big recruit for a few dimes. Maybe she was lucky enough to get him for the shipping over money. I hope so. Even so, that is all according to regulations, and nothing to moan over.

A good man-o'-war's man would have grinned and kept his trap shut, putting it down as an experience worth the money.

And then, maybe the little girl just couldn't stand living with a man whose mental equipment darn near overshadows that of a gnat.

The Panamanian sun sure does bear down heavy at times—plenty people have been known to slip their cable from walking around in it too much. Shall we be lenient, and say it's the sun's fault? It must be—he wasn't in that condition when the recruiting officer hog-tied him and forced the shoes on. The navy don't accept men who have something adrift in their top-hamper.

After reading Salty's (?) letter, I'm undecided whether I'll ever squander another nickel for a copy of your weekly rag or not. The editor surely must possess an overdeveloped sense of humor.—*Earl E. Sutton, Boatswain's Mate 1c, U. S. N.*

Look Her Up in the Encyclopedia

Albany, Ga.—I can't resist the temptation of commenting on this Joan of Arc business contained in a recent issue of Liberty. This article was conceived in ignorance and written for the fourteenth-century mind.

The idea of seriously offering the average reader of today such truck as a young girl prompted by "voices" and urged on to military heights by "spirits," as chosen of God through "dreams," is the most ridiculous and preposterous tale I have ever read, that was written in seriousness.

I suppose Clara E. Laughlin believes in fairies and goblins, too.—*Turner L. Smith.*

Use Your Own Judgment

Marshall, Mo.—After reading "Five Hundred Years Ago," by Clara E. Laughlin, I asked my husband if he had heard of Joan of Arc while he was over in France during the war.

"Who is he?" he asked.

Shall I kill it or let it suffer?—*Marjorie Burch.*

The Case of Cuba

Jacksonville, Fla.—Your editorial, "Consider the Case of Cuba," touched the most vital point in the welfare and prosperity of our little sister republic.

A high tariff has already ruined her tobacco industry, and today we are threatening to crush the very life out of her by increasing the tariff on her sugar and consequently ruining her trade with this country.

You stated in your splendid article that "We should think Cuba might be regarded as a member of our family."

That was a most generous remark and it is a pity that more publications do not show such a magnanimous spirit toward this little struggling republic.

A close observer of Cuba since she became a republic cannot help but observe the love and admiration she has shown toward the United States.

Have we forgotten how she oversubscribed her quota of liberty bonds during the World War? And why was she given a quota, being a foreign country?

The present tariff of 1.76 cents per pound is already too high. If this be raised to three cents, then for Cuban sugar to enter this market, considering that the price to the consumer remains the same as at present, she will have to sell her sugar for less than one cent per pound.

This is impossible.

It costs very nearly two cents to make a pound of sugar. Therefore Cuba cannot sell it for less than one cent.

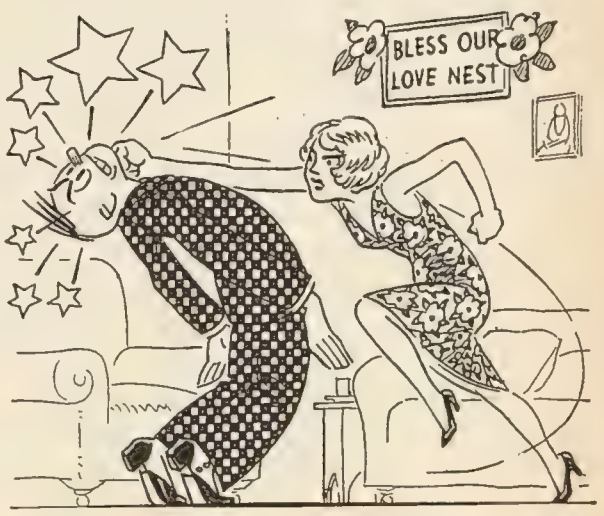
Apart from the fact that Americans have nearly a billion dollars invested in the sugar industry in Cuba, we have a moral obligation to perform and we should help her all we can.

"Let Cuba live."—*Theodore Oetjen.*

Well, You See, a Man Never Knows

Indianapolis, Ind.—Since when has Liberty been in the market for fairy stories? If you do print sweet tales for sweet little girls of ten, and want your pieces judged on that basis, then I'll admit that "The Furnished Room," by Stella Callaghan, was good.

It was, you'll recall, all about a poor girl who let a strange man furnish her



room for her. The appreciative little thing had tears of gratitude in her eyes. If a strange man tried to furnish my room for me, *he'd* have tears in his eyes, but not of gratitude. I'd sock him.—*Mary S.*

It's All Right With Us

Casper, Wyo.—Maybe Viña Delmar's clever, but I feel far happier in believing that the editor who accepts her stories has softening of the brain—if he ever had one to soften.—*Joe.*

When there's so little.. *it must be right!*

TODAY's lithe young man and young woman go in the water to *swim*. They have discarded all encumbering folds and flounces for that wisp of garment, the modern swimming suit.

But—when there is so little, that little *must* be right. And a Spalding Swimming Suit *is* right! It is athletically right because it is made with all the know-how that Spalding has learned in 53 years of fitting the human body at play.

It is styled right because Spalding has specialized in smart looking outfits for every type of athlete—from our trimly turned-out Olympic Team to our international polo players.

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They have narrow shoulder straps that always lie flat . . . new shorter trunks . . . special rubber buttons that can't break or come loose . . . reinforcements where reinforcements are needed . . . and *no* lumpy seams. There are many models, in all the latest colors and color combinations.

When as little as $5 or $6 buys a Spalding Suit, there's no need to risk the disappointment a cheap suit might cause you. If you can't find a Spalding dealer, write A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., N. Y. C., for a folder of 1929 styles.

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THE SPEEDSTER
$6.00

THE SEA SPRITE
$5.50

THE LIDO
$6.50

THE DEB
$5.00

Facing *the* World

A New For the Love o' Lil

LIL wandered lonely as the poetical cloud through her house of twenty-four rooms. The rusty gate in the churchyard had nothing on her gloom. She was as forsaken as Sandy's mechanical horse. Hadn't she been a grass widow for three e-n-d-l-e-s-s weeks? Her spirits felt like the weeds on a lawn when the gardener approaches with his dreadful potato knife.

She regretted her pseudo love affair with Bodo Hauptmann Ritter von Felsenheim and Sandy's subsequent exit from home. Lil had learned that a husband lifted heavy burdens from his wife's shoulders. He balanced her check book twice a month, decided when the roofs needed paint, brought home ice cream in fancy flower forms, and answered the wrong number excuse-it-please calls when her feet hurt.

This week's cover picture.

"Mr. Jenkins is away," Lil fibbed to her cook. "He's on a truck distributors' convention in Rhode Island, so don't put so much sugar in the rhubarb." How did she happen to think of Rhode Island in connection with the rhubarb? It was such a small state.

"Yeah?" Mary drawled. "That's tough. The new pineapple cheese'll rot in yur ice box. He eats a hunk at bedtime. Shall I use it for souffle?"

"I don't care," Lil sighed. "I'm too lonely to get up an appetite. With Mr. Jenkins in Rhode Island—" Her voice dwindled as she walked into the pantry to see if the ice box pan was enjoying high tide.

Mary knew her ham and eggs. She knew Mr. J. wasn't playing golf with the truck distributors in Rhode Island. She'd seen him in another state on her last Thursday out: A state of embarrassment in Joe's Shoes Repaired Parlor patiently awaiting rubber heels. The hump in her white cotton stocking bespoke her five-dollar hush money. She hoped she'd meet her master on every Thursday out. The longer he stayed away from home, the more profitable for her. Her stocking would simply continue to bulge.

"Has your husband come back?" an across-the-street friend, Mildreth Pinkham, asked Lil later that day. "If my husband deserted me I'd sue him for so much alimony he couldn't afford to stay away. That's what you ought to do! Sue your husband. You remember my first one and how I soaked him just because he hit me with a yellow cushion? Well—"

"The doorbell!" Lil remembered and hung up.

"Sue him," Mildreth continued over the phone five minutes later. "Hasn't he half a million? You've got to see that your child's second teeth come in straight."

"Second teeth?" Lil giggled. "He hasn't all his first ones yet. As for suing Sandy, he might sue me first for that—that love affair. I have half of his half million. I've learned a lesson."

"After the lesson I learned from my second husband"—her friend was still going strong—"I'd make him pay alimony to return home. A domestic visa."

Lil clicked off. She was glad Mildreth had had only two husbands or she might call up a third time. Husband! Divorce! Alimony! She was sick of the words.

"I'll look like a cuckoo calla lily if I stick in the house much longer," she told herself in the magic circle of her vanity mirror. She pulled her jaunty lavender felt over her new water wave. Then she touched up her lips with her little beauty's wand.

Facing the world!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Prodigal Husband)

The Flying Governor

How Trumbull of Connecticut Found Contentment in the Sky

By

RICHARD CARROLL

P. & A. photo

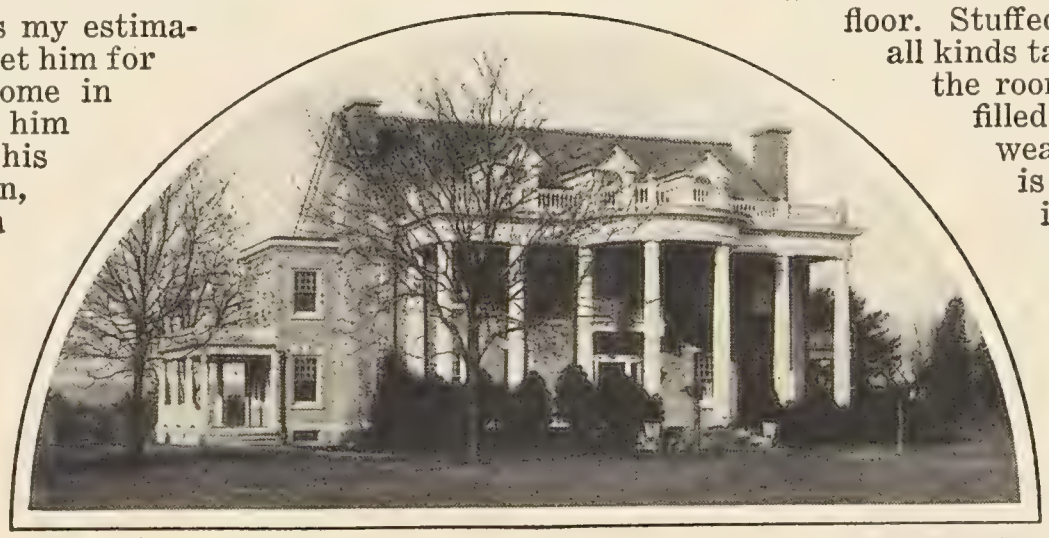
The flying governor with Lieutenant Earl Fleet on their arrival by airplane at Hartford, Connecticut, to welcome the Bremen fliers.

AT the age of fifty-three John H. Trumbull had acquired all that man might rightfully desire in this world. He was wealthy. He was powerful. He was respected by his fellow citizens of Connecticut who had elected him their governor. His home life was peaceful. He had a charming wife and two beautiful daughters. He was president of several prosperous corporations and director in a dozen more. He had built for himself a stately Georgian mansion on the outskirts of Plainville. Twelve miles away was Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, with its executive mansion. And he was the chief executive of the state, presiding in that mansion. And he was not content.

But then, Jack Trumbull never had been content. From the date of his birth on a small Connecticut farm near the village of Ashford, March 4, 1873, down to the date of his inauguration as governor, January 8, 1925, his had been a restive soul—had been, because today, at fifty-six, life has changed for him and finds him in some measure satisfied at last.

Born to be an explorer, an adventurer, a seeker after thrills in far places of the earth, life had wrapped conservative circumstance around him and bid him play up to fate. His lot had been cast in a dignified New England state when he might have gone down to fame as a pioneer in the west. Three years ago he found a new outlet in aviation.

This, at any rate, was my estimation of the man when I met him for the first time in his home in Plainville. I found him perched in a tree behind his house. He came down, swinging agilely from branch to branch. He had been examining a bird's nest. Later he explained that he was a collector of birds' eggs and had climbed every tree within miles in search of specimens. His collection was among the largest in the country.



Wide World photo

The residence of Governor Trumbull at Plainville, Connecticut.

The governor is a large man, broad-shouldered and with a look of outdoors in his keen blue eyes and the deep tan of his face. He is about six feet tall and splendidly proportioned. Only his hair—or the lack of it—gives any indication that he is past the half-century mark. He might easily be taken for forty-five.

Sprawled at ease in his den, his muscular body stretched in comfort, one could sense in the reclining form the tremendous energy that made possible the deeds that took him so far from the ordinary routine of his fellows. Moose, elk, and caribou heads hang on the walls of the den. Pearskin rugs adorn the floor. Stuffed birds, fish, and game of all kinds take up the odd corners of the room. The big gun case is filled with brightly polished weapons. His paperweight is a deer's foot. The den is the sanctum of a big-game hunter.

Yet, though he had wealth to satisfy his whims, power to gratify his ambition, up to three years ago he was restless. Since then he has cracked up three airplanes—one in his own back yard

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

while landing; has learned to fly like an old-timer, and blown off his excess energy in regions above the clouds. He is the nation's only flying governor.

Jack Trumbull was the eldest of seven sons born to Hugh and Mary Ann Trumbull who came out from Ulster, Ireland, three years before Jack's birth. He was born on the small farm they purchased near Ashford. The family, though resident in Ireland for two generations, originally came from Edinburgh, Scotland. The mixture of romantic Irish and tenacious Scot may in some measure account for the adventurous urge in the son.

John was a young man when the family moved to a larger farm near Plainville. While his brothers devoted all their time to the farm and such schooling as was available, John took time off to dabble in electricity. He never was an ardent farmer, nor the pride of any teacher.

When the Eddy Electric Company of Windsor, Connecticut, offered him a job, he was glad to leave farm and school and devote his entire time to his hobby. After four years' apprenticeship he branched out as an independent electrical contractor in Hartford. Dissatisfied with this he returned home to Plainville to persuade his brother Henry and another youth, Frank H. Wheeler, to help him finance a manufacturing concern of their own. He was then twenty-five.

They scraped up $2,000 and rented, from a bankrupt chuck shop, a one-story wooden shack on the outskirts of the village. Wheeler painted the sign and organized a working crew of three assistants. Henry organized the office staff—which consisted entirely of himself—and took care of the books and purchasing. John set forth to sell the products.

Success came slowly. The youngsters had put one foot on the road to prosperity when they were sued for infringement of patents on the electrical rosettes which John and Henry had invented. They won the suit, but the cost of lawyers and court fees broke them. The firm tottered on the brink of dissolution until the lawyers were persuaded to hold off. After that they worked harder than ever, twelve to sixteen hours a day. They cleaned their own boilers, hauled their own materials, and ran errands on the firm's one vehicle, a bicycle.

IN November, 1903, John married Maud Usher, daughter of Plainville's reigning family. Her father, the first town clerk of Plainville, held the position until he died at the age of eighty. Maud was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College and a beauty. Her influence on the hard-fisted, hard-working farmer's son can be imagined. Credit for much of his later success can be traced to her. It was she who encouraged him when the struggling firm seemed destined to suffocate under an avalanche of lawyers' bills. Quick tempered and impulsive, John would have thrown the whole works at the heads of his persecutors—for there was little doubt that the patent suits were brought more to embarrass the infant industry than with hope of proving claims—but she restrained him and the result was the lawyers accepted long-term notes for their fees.

Many a Saturday night passed when all the firm's available cash went to pay the salaries of the employees, leaving nothing for the three partners. Courage, however, was their standard stock in trade. The crisis passed and in another year the question of expansion came up.

By 1905 the capital stock of the company was increased to $100,000. The manufacturing line was broadened to include such instruments as switchboards, battery switches, cut-outs, and panels. Another story had been added, the number of employees trebled, and the nucleus of a vast industry firmly established. By 1912 the capital stock had been increased to half a million, the wooden buildings torn down and replaced by brick, and working force increased to about 200 men. In February of 1918 the Trumbull Electrical Company, one of the largest in the state, became affiliated with the General Electric Company. It has its offices in every important city of the United States and representatives in many foreign countries. John Trumbull, the farmer's son, is its president.

Wide World photo

Governor Trumbull, on a vacation in Florida, gives his daughter Florence points on wing shooting.

From this brief résumé of his accomplishments it might seem possible to get a glimpse of the man himself. But most men who have followed the path from obscurity to the fame of wealth find at the end of the trail that they have lost something by the way. The capacity to enjoy the ease they have attained is gone. Youth has gone out of them, and the zest for the adventure of living.

Not so with John Trumbull. When the acquisition of money became no longer of importance in his life, his energies turned elsewhere. During the war he had organized a company of guardsmen in Plainville and had been made state captain. His genius for organization recommending itself to Governor Templeton, he was drafted as chief of ordnance. A dozen jobs kept him too busy to worry about himself.

AFTER the war he found vent for his energies in hunting. He went west and lived like a cowboy on a Wyoming ranch. He shot bear in the Rockies, moose in Canada—both the northwest and Nova Scotia. Hearing of the great hunting in the wilds of Newfoundland, he promptly packed up and went there. He arrived at the hunting grounds in November, when the thermometer registers forty below on the Gaff Topsails and the snow piles forty feet deep in the drifts. His party consisted of a guide, a cameraman, and himself. The guide left them to go back for food. For three days Trumbull and his companion remained without rations. He took pictures of their plight. Of all his trips he enjoyed Newfoundland most.

In 1920 his fellow citizens elected him state senator, and again in 1922. That year his father died. His mother, today far advanced in years, lives in Plainville, cared for by the sons who are able to gratify her every wish.

In 1925 he was lieutenant governor when Governor Bingham, after one day in office, went to the United States Senate leaving Trumbull to take over his office. He has been governor ever since, winning last year with Hoover.

During all this time Trumbull had satisfied his passion for adventure by occasional rides in airplanes. Since 1915, when he had paid twenty-five dollars for a flight in a weird contraption at Atlantic City, the daring of it had appealed to him. After that he took every opportunity that offered to fly.

Flying with some one else in the cockpit, however, did not long satisfy him. He wanted the supreme thrill of flying alone.

The officers in charge of operations at Brainard Flying Field at Hartford did not take kindly to the proposition when, in the spring of 1926, the governor appeared and informed them that he wanted to learn to fly.

Small wonder they were concerned. The governor of the state wanted to become an aviator, and he was fifty-three years old. They would have to be responsible for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

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A message of supreme importance to everyone who owns or operates an automobile . . . .

AGAIN Dayton has developed the greatest tire of its day. A tire that anticipates the needs of tomorrow. A tire that will go down in history as one of the greatest tires ever built. A tire that gives a boundless measure of added safety. A tire that gives mileage, mileage, mileage!

This new tire is the Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon . . . a development of the same engineers who gave America the THOROBRED Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tire and the original THOROBRED Stabilized Balloon. And just as these two revolutionary tires established new standards so will the Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon establish new standards.

It's built to do it! The Dayton DeLuxe THOROBRED Balloon is built by men who know how to put mileage in tires . . . by men who realize that life itself may depend upon the quality of their workmanship. It is stabilized. It is made as a fine watch is made , , , as expensive motor cars are made. And it has in it the strongest, most durable materials that money can buy.

It is a tire that gives you a new confidence on the open road, a new sense of security on swiftly taken curves and a new feeling of safety when your foot comes down hard on the brakes. It is thicker, wider, heavier, sturdier . . . as puncture-proof and as blow-out proof as a tire can be made. And yet, despite all this, *it costs but very little more than ordinary tires.*

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"Same with me, sir. Four p. m. is zero hour. Nothing like a Borden's Frosted Malted to perk you up."

Extra swift is the modern pace. Extra fatiguing. Extra necessary to eat the proper food. Nothing better than the full-cream deliciousness of Borden's Malted Milk. Easily assimilated. Kind to fagged-out nerves. Tired bodies. A real energy food composed of full-cream milk, fine wheat flour and nutty barley malt. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York City.

When Grandmother needs her 4 o'clock cup of cheerio, try Borden's Malted, fully nourishing, easily digested. (In the handy GlassPackage.) To make grandson or granddaughter grow, give them Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.

Borden's MALTED MILK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

him. Some tall explanation would have to be forthcoming if anything happened to him while he was in their charge. And he would be hard to teach.

Major William F. Ladd, commanding officer of the Forty-third Division Air Service, Connecticut National Guard, to whom the governor had stated his desire, didn't want the job as instructor. Flying, he knew, was for young men and if possible, young men without responsibilities. Besides, he knew his man, having piloted him on many flights. He knew the governor's disregard of weather conditions. He told his prospective pupil to forget about it.

That afternoon the new pupil took his first lesson in flying and made good from the start. This much be it said: He flew as plain John Trumbull, rookie, taking his bawling out, listening meekly to an outraged instructor who didn't care if he was the governor, and striving as well as he could to follow instructions.

No settled rule could apply to him. Men of his age who have learned to fly—and they are precious few—have generally arrived at some point in their course that spelled Waterloo. Often it is in landing — admittedly the most difficult part of flying.

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The flying governor likes golf too. Here he is on the links at Hot Springs, Virginia.

Governor Trumbull shone at landings. They were his particular delight. Hunting had trained his eye. Nature had given him wit and courage and coolness and a delicacy of touch remarkable in one of his strength.

BUT it was not until the following year that he soloed. Business so interrupted his lessons that in twelve months he was able to get in only twenty hours in the air, another handicap. Flying requires concentration. The navy has shown that fliers who are oftenest and longest in the air have fewest accidents. The safest safety device for the flier is flying.

The governor had many handicaps to overcome. But he is a man of iron determination, bound to have his own way, and generally getting it. He had no mishaps and soon conquered his own impulsiveness.

Major Ladd finally turned his pupil over to Lieutenant Earl W. Fleet of the National Guard for a check-up. The lieutenant thought he was rotten and told him so. On the following day the governor took a Travelair biplane, hopped in, and went off.

He will never forget the experience of that first flight alone—the sudden tension that gripped him as the ship slithered off the ground and he realized that he was alone with his skill. But that feeling soon left him, to be replaced by a new sense of power, of kinship with all other things that fly.

He looked down upon the houses and farms and factories of the state in which he was the First Citizen. He saw his fellow citizens as tiny dots below, insignificant from the skies, and he may have had a thought for the pettiness of their disputes, the unimportance of their ambitions. He may have had, but he was flying a ship for the first time and an airplane is a jealous girl who accepts no divided attention.

HE circled the city, passed over his own executive mansion, and thought of heading for Plainville. He thought better of that. Plainville was twelve miles away, and twelve miles is still real distance to the novice, however insignificant to the veteran. After half an hour, the most enjoyable of his life, he landed safely to receive the congratulations of his instructor — who promptly bawled him out again for staying up so long on the first flight.

Since that date he has called regularly at the field, sometimes thrice a week. He can stunt—barrel-roll and spin, loop and jazz around—with the best of the youngsters. Strangest of all, he has acquired caution.

Where before nothing in the way of plane stability or weather conditions bothered him, now the knowledge he has gained shows him the foolhardiness of his past. Once at least that knowledge saved his life.

In August of 1927 he was at his summer camp in Maine with Governor Brewster, also an air enthusiast though not a pilot. The camp is reached only by boat. There are no telephones and no roads. Trumbull had planned to be at Hartford to settle some affairs of state, and had arranged for a plane to come for him. An aviator from Augusta who operated a flying boat dropped in at the camp and promised to fly the governor out to catch his own plane at Augusta.

The governor looked the flying boat over when it arrived. In former days he would have climbed on board without asking questions. Now he knew

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE FLYING GOVERNOR
Continued from page fifty-nine]

better. The ship was a shaky affair, made from the discarded parts of a dozen others.

The governor refused to fly and the boat took off without him. Two other passengers, however, decided to go. The ship had not covered fifty miles when she crashed in the lake, drowning one passenger and the pilot.

Governor Trumbull has been in three crashes and admits being shaken up in one of them. The accidents have not influenced his flying one way or the other. He knows that aviation is a modern means of transport and pays particular attention to its development as affecting his state. Connecticut, largely through his efforts, boasts the most forward-looking air legislation of any state in the Union. It is the only state with a Department of Aviation. It has its own air laws, drawn to conform with the national law.

THE governor has set his state an example in furthering the new science. He is chairman of the board of the Colonial Air Transport, Inc., director of the Colonial Canadian Air Line, director of the Fairchild Corporation (makers of airplanes), president of the New England Flying Clubs, and a member of the Quiet Birdmen, an organization composed exclusively of airmen. He is chairman of the membership committee of the National Aëronautical Association, of which his friend Senator Bingham is president.

He is the only civilian pilot with permission from the U. S. Army headquarters to fly army ships, and the only civilian, trained by the army, flying National Guard ships. He has completed more than 200 solo hours in the air.

Though not in any sense "a joiner," he belongs to many clubs and fraternal organizations. He is a member of the Campfire Club, whose members must have acquired a reputation as big-game huntsmen and have lived at least thirty days in camp. He is a member of the American Trapshooting Association, the American Ornithological Union, the Hartford Gun Club, the Farmington Country Club, and the Shuttle Meadow Club.

The governor is a pacifist—of the kind whose ideas for enforcing peace are a bigger and better army and navy and a bigger and better air force. He goes on the simple theory that aggressive little fellows do not quarrel with the peaceful, athletic big fellow.

Like most men who know and appreciate aviation, he believes that our best defense for the future lies in the air. The army and navy air services, he believes, should take and train all the young men they can get their hands on, give them the full military air schooling, and turn them loose into commercial work, ready at all times to be called back when needed.

The best-trained pilots today are products of military training methods. After 1,000 hours of such tutoring the pilot is fitted for any job aviation has to offer.

For himself, he will never give up the air. It has brought him the most satisfying moments of his life. He feels a new man after every flight. Mrs. Trumbull no longer worries about him. When the hum of his airplane is heard over Plainville, she goes out to wave to him coming home the modern way. He lands almost at his back door. Both their daughters, Florence and Jean, are in the air at every opportunity. The governor has given up asking them not to coax the pilots at Brainard Field for joy rides. Even Mrs. Trumbull thinks nothing of cross-country flights. But she is a little bored as a passenger. Maybe she too wants to be her own pilot.

IT was nearing midnight when I prepared to leave the Trumbull home. The governor put on his hat and coat and took a much used flashlight from a window sill in the rear hall. He explained that he was going for a walk in the woods that stretch for miles behind his home. He invited me along, and I went with this strange man. For miles he trudged on through the trees, his chow dog, Blackie, given to the family by the Coolidges, trailing along behind him or chasing a rabbit through the tangled undergrowth. The governor seemed tireless. Up and down ravines, through brush-filled underpasses, he strode along.

I began to understand. Many a problem of business and of state had been worked out in the silence of these woods. Here he was free to think without interruption, to plan and prepare, unhindered by friends or self-seekers.

It was his natural element, the half-wild countryside. Every night, raining or snowing, bright moonlight or damp fog, no matter what the hour, he takes his long, lone walk before retiring. It composes his mind for rest.

He does not always stop to change his clothes, and sometimes, back in evening dress from some formal dinner, he can be found, with no company but his dog, exploring the shadow-filled woods.

A strange man, this wise governor and daring aviator, and in many ways a great one.

THE END

WINNERS!

Final Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, the tenth and last problem in his recent series for solutions of which LIBERTY has given its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Hilda Bougliner,
104 Drinkle #3, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To Rev. Edmund S. Middleton, D. D.,
1628 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Arthur F. Grube,
c/o U. S. Secret Service,
Room 329, Post Office Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To R. B. West,
Evening News, Newark, N. J.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 each
To George O. Jager, 219 East Charlton Street, Savannah, Ga.; William W. Vaughn, 4570 West First Street, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. Garvin Hager, City Editor, the Daily Mail, Hagerstown, Md.; Charles E. Vickerman, 124 Fort George Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—Lincoln; Carson City; Concord.
2—Wilhelm Richard Wagner.
3—The last Aztec emperor of Mexico.
4—The woodchuck.
5—Angora.
6—In Geneva, Switzerland.
7—Nine hundred and sixty-nine years (Genesis v. 27).
8—A certificate issued as evidence of a debt or of a right to demand or receive a sum of money.
9—Debar means to shut out or exclude; disbar, to expel from the legal profession.
10—Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.
11—Arthur M. Hyde.
12—Five hundredth anniversary.
13—Disagreement; dissent.
14—A chief in some tribes of American Indians.
15—Atlanta, Georgia.
16—North Cape, on an island off the coast of Norway.
17—Steel.
18—Veal too immature to be suitable for food, the sale of which is generally prohibited.
19—The name Epicurus, founder of a Greek school of philosophy.
20—In northwestern Montana.

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The Red Napoleon

An American View of the War of the Races (1933-1936)

By Floyd Gibbons

(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

MR. GIBBONS' story now arrives at the events of the later months of 1934, and at the beginning of America's darkest period in its struggle with Karakhan, the Red Napoleon. In previous installments Mr. Gibbons has told how Karakhan's forces, having command of the seas and superiority in the air, invaded North America at three points: southern Mexico, Puget Sound, and then the Northeast—by way of the valley of the St. Lawrence and northern New England.

As matters now stand, the first two invasions have been checked. But the third, which is the vitally serious attack, has been pushed by Karakhan in person. He has taken Quebec and Montreal, pushed back an American "flivver army" into Maine, secured a New England coast foothold, and twice bombed Boston from the air.

Meanwhile the American navy is bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico. President Smith has called 5,000,000 men to the colors, but most of them are unequipped and the training camps are swamped. Thanks to pacifism, the United States has been caught abjectly unprepared.

Whit Dodge is now a lieutenant in the U. S. navy's submarine service. Speed Binney, who holds similar rank in the army air service, is detached as aide and pilot to Mr. Gibbons, who is an official observer and broadcaster of the news of the war. Margot Denison, held in Ireland by Karakhan, bids fair to become a valuable source of information from behind the enemy's lines.

Karakhan, from a hitherto unpublished photograph taken in Boston, January 4, 1935, by Otto Rebele, whom he had captured and made his official photographer. He disliked this picture and ordered the negative destroyed, but Rebele saved a print. The signature, Karakhan of Kazan, is from his New Year's proclamation to the world.

Part Eleven
The Wages of Pacifism

BUT in the four months and ten days covering the next phase of the yellow invasion, America suffered disasters greater than any in the history of the nation. In spite of this the stiffening of American morale was evident in the increased resistance which contested each foot of ground. Hundreds of thousands of American and Canadian troops failed to stop the forward movement of Karakhan's martial juggernaut, but they did succeed in slowing up his advance, even though they did it with their bodies.

Karakhan did not stop at Montreal. While thousands of civilian and military prisoners, working under the lashes of yellow taskmasters, reorganized the damaged land and sea facilities of Canada's great inland port, the Yellow Scourge exploited his gains across the flat, open country south of Montreal, and poured troops and supplies down the valley of the Richelieu River.

On both the east and west shores of Lake Champlain the Red flood poured southward into northern New York and Vermont.

THE prepared American positions north of Plattsburg crumbled under the onslaught. St. Albans and Milton, on the Vermont shore, fell to the invaders. Burlington, Vermont, was made untenable by an air attack.

Mongol cavalry, cutting through the retreating American forces east of the city, executed their frightful raid up the valley of the Winooski River. Not one of these fanatics survived, but their daring adventure opened the way for the land forces that occupied Montpelier, the capital of the state.

American lines of communication between the Green Mountains and the lake were continually torn up by air bombardment. On the New York shore, between the lake and the peaks of the Adirondacks, similar tactics were employed.

The flanks of the Red advance were continually harassed by bands of resolute, straight-shooting woodsmen from the forests of the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. Karakhan met these minor disturbances on either flank by dispatching lateral columns of Asiatic horsemen right and left into the hills. Red airplanes, hovering high above the fields, dispersed all concentrations of the defenders by the use of explosives and gas. But the

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

" Margot and Lin were packing the night I saw them. I described to Margot Gray's Cove where our submarines had hidden out, and that is where I am going ashore to see her."

enemy did not fear heavy attacks from either side; the mountain walls prevented.

The reminiscences in print today of the guerrilla fighting in the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains provide America with another proud tradition. The heroic resistance of the American woodsmen was only a diversion, however. The Red Napoleon had chosen to bring the full weight of his might down that historic inland waterway which has been the cockpit of North America since the Iroquois and the Mohawks had called it the " Warpath of the Nations."

Down that valley had marched the lilies of France. Down that valley England had maneuvered; it had been the path chosen by Burgoyne. It was sacred to America for the names of Ethan Allen, Stark, Rogers, and Putnam. It contained the shrines of Ticonderoga. Its soil held the bones of American, English, French, German, Dutch, and Indian warriors. And now new invaders, representing all races and colors from the farthest corners of the globe, poured southward down that gap.

ON the left flank of his line in Maine, Karakhan maintained a steady pressure down the coastal strip between the White Mountains and the Atlantic. Portland was taken from the land side; the excellent permanent fortifications of its harbor defenses had been designed against attack from the sea. The loss of America's northernmost port, one of the eight principal ports of the Atlantic coast, was a new blow to public morale.

Although American submarines, operating out of Boston, succeeded in sinking a number of enemy craft, the fact remained that two days after the yellow occupation of the city, Red troopships and supply ships were unloading and disembarking alongside the Maine state piers, which had resisted the explosives that the retiring Americans had placed under them.

While the Red line pushed southward steadily along Lake Champlain, American counterattacks on the Atlantic seaboard achieved local successes south of Portland. But never once were the counteroffensives able to threaten the Red hold on the Grand Trunk Railway, connecting Portland with Montreal.

It was during one of these American advances on the Atlantic seaboard that I spent a night in the cellar of what had been a quaint New England home, on the outskirts of the little town of Rochester, New Hampshire. The ruins were the billet of Speed Binney, now temporarily assigned as an aviation liaison officer to a battalion of infantry holding the line one mile to the north.

Successive shellings and air bombings had demolished the second floor of the house, and the débris had been utilized to strengthen the cellar dugout.

" Welcome to the home of the Rev. Timothy Jenkins, and duck your head or you'll bump it," was Speed's greeting as he made a place for me at the wooden table on which two candles, mounted in cider bottles, were burning. At one end of the dugout a soldier was starting a fire in a cookstove. On the floor in front of the stove was a pile of pamphlets and paper.

" Great joint, this," Speed explained. " Been here three days now. Catchin' up on my reading. Pretty safe diggings and plenty of literature. Let me show you some of it.

" The Rev. Mr. Jenkins seems to have represented every peace society in the world. The remains of his library upstairs is stacked with tons of their printed matter. If the line remains stationary on this front, this dugout has fuel to last all winter."

He walked over to the stove and picked up a handful of the pamphlets.

" Let me read you some of this stuff," he said, resum-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-three]

ing his seat. "Here's a pamphlet entitled: 'Organizations in the United States That Promote Better International Understanding and World Peace.' First on the list is 'The American Committee for the Outlawing of War,' with offices in New York—Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, chairman. 'Purpose: To educate the world to the proposition that the war systems should be superseded by a judicial system. Activities: Publishing articles and distributing pamphlets abroad, arranging lectures, and corresponding with the peace workers throughout the world.'

"Here's the second one: 'The American Foundation, officered by its founder, Mr. Edward W. Bok. Purpose: To create an enlightened public opinion for the entry of the United States into the World Court and for such later steps as will assure world peace.'

"Can you beat that?" said Binney. "Fifty-seven pages containing the lists of American pacifist organizations running from the Association to Abolish War down to the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods! Here's some more of them:

"'The Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood, organized at Point Loma, California, by Katherine Tingley, Foundress-President, for the Promotion of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.' And listen to this

Organizations in the United States

That Promote
Better International Understanding
and World Peace

WASHINGTON, D. C.
NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR
January, 1927

Organizations in the United States that Promote Better International Understanding and World Peace

GROUP I

NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS FORMED PRIMARILY TO PROMOTE WORLD PEACE

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

(Founded 1920.)

OFFICES: 134 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; 4006 Woolworth Building., New York City.
OFFICERS: Salmon O. Levinson, *Chairman;* Joseph Mayper, *Executive Manager* of New York Committee.
PURPOSE: To educate the world to the proposition that the war system should be superseded by a judicial system founded upon treaties and codes of law with the institution of war de-legalized and abolished.
ACTIVITIES: Publishes articles. Distributes pamphlets in the United States and abroad. Arranges lectures. Corresponds with peace workers throughout the world.

AMERICAN FOUNDATION (Maintaining American Peace Award)

(Founded 1923.)

OFFICE: 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
OFFICERS: Edward W. Bok, *Founder;* Esther Everett pe, *Member-in-charge.*
PURPOSE: To create an enlightened public opinion for e entry of the United States into the World Court and ch later steps as will assure world peace.
ACTIVITIES: Prepares and distributes literature. En- urages local activities.

5

PARLIAMENT OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

(Founded 1912.)

OFFICE: Point Loma, Calif.
OFFICER: Katherine Tingley, *Foundress-President.*
PURPOSE: "An international permanent organization for the promotion of peace and universal brotherhood with the governing principles of brotherhood, internationalism, higher patriotism, and moral power."

PEACE ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

1867 Approximate membership of consti-

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE

(Founded 1923. Approximate members

OFFICE: 132 West 12th St., New York Ci
OFFICER: Jessie Wallace Hughan, *Secreta*
ORGANIZATION: Of individual members.
PURPOSE: To unite those to whom par war in any form or under any conditions i of their conscientious convictions, regardless social, and religious opinion.

19

one: 'War Resisters' League,' and the secretary is Jessie Wallace Hughan. Here's the purpose it sets forth:

"'To unite those to whom participation in war in any form or under any conditions is a violation of their conscientious convictions, regardless of political, social, or religious opinion.'"

BINNEY threw the pamphlet at the stove and picked another at random from the table.

"Ha, ha! Here's some enlightenment!" he said, reading from a buff-colored folder: "'Japanese ambition is to be friendly both to Asia and the West, the guardian of the peace of the Pacific. That an Asiatic league pitting the yellow race against the white race is far from her desire is shown by the repeated assertions of her officials that Japan stands for world coöperation. She is taking an active part in the League of Nations, and the name of the new emperor is "Showa," or enlightened peace.'"

"Dr. Jenkins' pamphlets are not quite up to date," I observed; "not with the Japanese emperor a refugee in America and the League of Nations deader than a dodo for more than a year."

"Well, now, maybe I could interest you, Mr. Gibbons," Binney resumed, reading from another pamphlet, "in a 'five-point program' for churches working for a warless world. Or could I take your subscription here for 'The Messenger of Peace,' or this two-page bi-weekly informational sheet entitled 'International Good Will'—?"

He rose disgustedly and hurled the literature into the stove.

"There's one of the reasons America finds herself in this mess today. For years we have been fed on this kind of pap. We damn near deserve a lickin'."

Binney's ire overlooked the hundreds of sincere pacifists who gave their lives that year as proof of their realization of the error into which their ideals had led them. Their bodies dotted the battlefields of northern New York.

Worse than the unprepared armies of Britain and France had suffered through the earlier years of the old World War did the successive drafts of raw, brave, willing, eager American troops suffer now before the Red advance. The casualty lists that came back from the fighting just north of Saratoga Springs were appalling.

of Vermont and New Hampshire. The line touched the coast just north of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

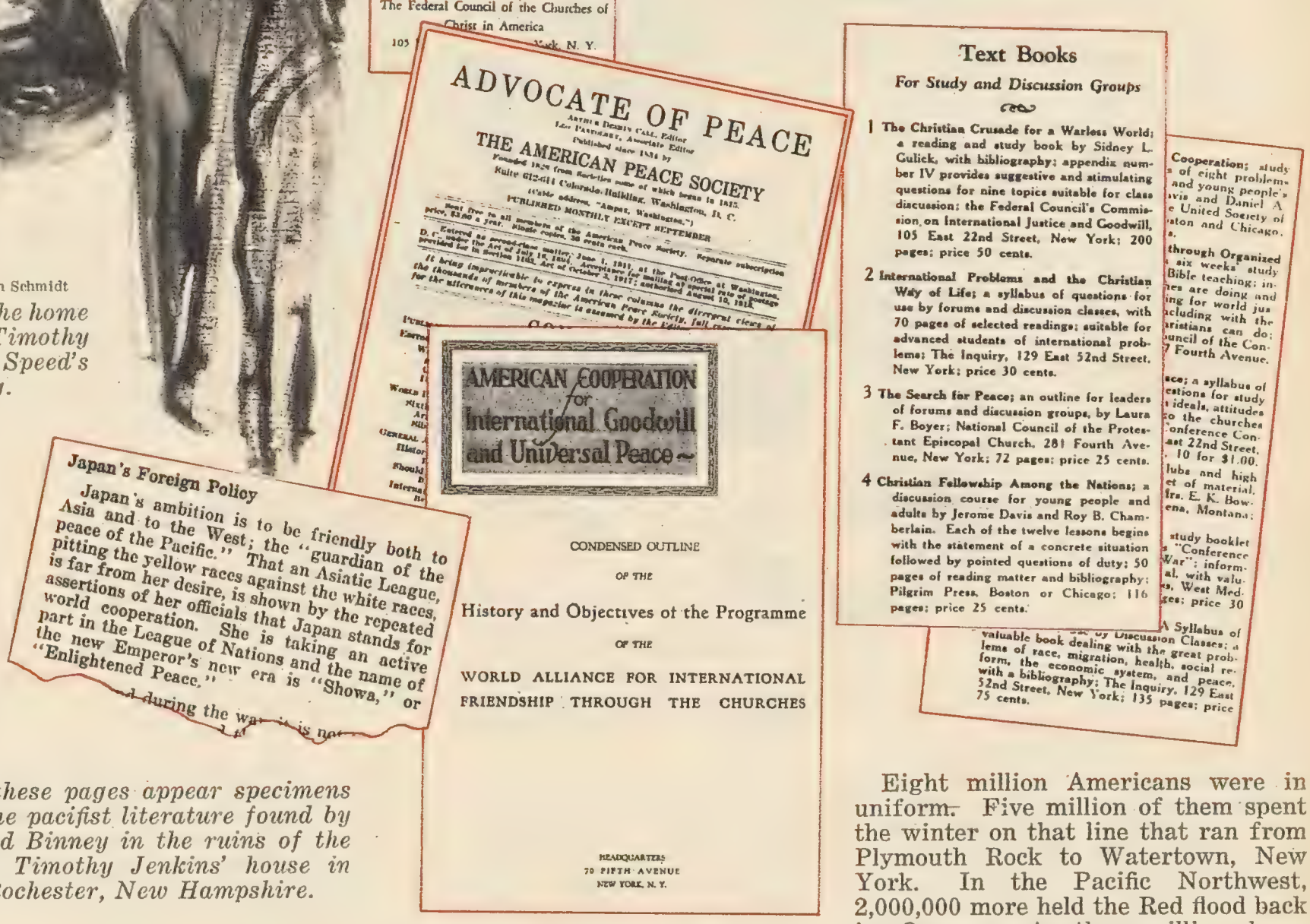
The position of the American defenders north of Boston became untenable. The enemy was penetrating to the south of them in Massachusetts, and they were in danger of being enveloped on their left flank. Karakhan was quick to realize the advantage of his strategic position, and to open the southward movement that culminated in the occupation of Boston on Christmas Day, 1934.

America was unable to stem the tide. The general staff in Washington insisted that the integrity of the American lines in central New York was more vital to the existence of the country than the defense of the Hub.

It was America's most hopeless Christmastide. We were invaded on three fronts. New England had been torn from us, and the spearhead of the enemy thrust was pointing toward the industrial heart of the nation—the coal fields and steel mills of Pennsylvania.

by Harold von Schmidt

ome to the home Rev. Timothy s," was Speed's greeting.



On these pages appear specimens of the pacifist literature found by Speed Binney in the ruins of the Rev. Timothy Jenkins' house in Rochester, New Hampshire.

Eight million Americans were in uniform. Five million of them spent the winter on that line that ran from Plymouth Rock to Watertown, New York. In the Pacific Northwest, 2,000,000 more held the Red flood back in Oregon. Another million hung desperately to the barrier that held the yellow forces of Kamku back from the Gulf of Mexico, in which the American fleet was bottled up.

At Saratoga Springs two allies came to the aid of the hard-pressed American line. It was November 30, and a providentially early winter closed Karakhan's main artery of supply, the St. Lawrence River. The other fortuitous circumstance was a serious outbreak of flu that swept his western armies.

True, Karakhan still had untold reserves in man power in Europe, and Canada's ice-free ports of Halifax and St. John, as well as the excellent terminal facilities of Portland, Maine, served him in spite of winter. These latter, however, were not sufficient for the overseas supplies required by his eastern forces, which now numbered between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 men.

At the close of the fighting in northern New York, American forces west of the Adirondacks were holding on a line running across the Thousand Islands from Watertown, New York, to Kingston on the Ontario shore, stubbornly held by remnants of the Canadian army

The line ran southeastward up the valley of the Black River to a point fifty miles north of Utica, and thence due east to Saratoga Springs and Schuylerville on the Hudson.

To the east of the Hudson, Americans still held parts

I MET Whit Dodge in New York City several days after the New Year. In my rooms in the New Western Hotel he shared with me a new fear.

"Margot is in America by now," he said.

"How do you know?"

"Two weeks ago I went ashore at night at Bantry Bay on the west coast of Ireland, where Karakhan has kept her and Mme. Karakhan ever since he opened the New England drive. He still refuses to see his wife.

"Lin conceded that she would not go near him if he would permit her and Margot to go to America. She pleaded to be allowed to go to Portland, Maine, and mentioned her fear for the welfare of her parents, who live somewhere north of Boston.

"Karakhan granted the request. Although he ignores his wife completely, I believe there is just that spirit of vanity within him which makes it not unpleasant that she shall see his new conquests over here.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page sixty-five]

"Margot and Lin were packing on the night I saw them. I described to Margot Gray's Cove, a point on the Maine coast north of Portland, where our submarines had hidden out during their operations against Red troopships bound for Portland harbor, and that is where I am going ashore five nights from tonight to see her."

"But how will she know the night to expect you?" I asked.

"That's where you come in," Dodge explained. "Wherever she is in Portland, she will be listening for your broadcasts over the radio. You will use the same key words and the old code. Just mix it up with your talk. She will take it down stenographically and figure it out."

"My God, Whit, this is a dangerous job! It's death for you both if you are caught."

"I know," said the boy. "But it's no more risk than that girl has been running night and day for the last year. I have been only a messenger boy. Her information concerning the condition of the Red industrial machine in England and the interior politics of the Red Union has proved the most important intelligence that Washington has been able to obtain from behind the enemy lines. Margot realizes her risk and ignores it in the face of a duty she considers higher."

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

"I paddled ashore in a collapsible boat and found Margot waiting at the appointed place. We were together an hour. She's the most glorious girl in the world!"

The code message which I included in each one of the radio broadcasts which I made during the next five days through the New York microphone read as follows:

Gray's Cove, midnight, January 7.

Those were anxious days I spent in New York while I awaited the return of Whit Dodge from his hazardous mission behind the enemy lines. Had Margot received my message? Had the American submarine been able to enter the inlet unobserved? Had Whit been able to go ashore, and if success had attended all of these risks, had the boy been able to regain his craft and escape to sea again?

TO distract my mind from these worries, I plunged into a study of the situation on the home front. How was the internal strength and stamina of the nation prepared to stand the spring offensives which Karakhan would open on all three fronts—New England, the Pacific Northwest, and Mexico?

With two invading armies, totaling almost 6,000,000 men, within our frontiers, the American public had very little attention for developments concerning our neighbor nations in South America. Yet, since the opening of the war in America, Karakhan had taken possession, consecutively, of the principal South American ports. He held the harbors of Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and Valparaiso.

Separated units of the Chilean, Argentinian, and Brazilian navies had gloriously engaged superior Red sea forces, and had been defeated. Two Chilean battleships, one Argentinian, and one Brazilian had escaped the general fate of their sister ships and by remarkable feats of seamanship had eluded their pursuers and joined the United States fleet in the Gulf of Mexico.

Karakhan's occupation of the ports guaranteed him the supply of primary materials necessary for his industrial machine in Europe and Asia. Particularly did this apply to the important item of Bolivian tin, the loss of which essential import the United States felt deeply.

The South American nations, without industrial production sufficient for their needs, and deprived now of all imports from America, were forced to accept passively the Red occupation of their ports. Resistance was futile because Karakhan controlled the sea.

THE relations between the United States and Canada, after much initial bungling concerning territorial integrity, had developed into something even stronger than a mutual alliance between the two people whose economic interests had been always interdependent. With the departure of the Canadian government from Ottawa, the refugee British king, Edward VIII, the popular former Prince of Wales who had succeeded to the throne upon the death of George V, had moved his court to Washington, where he had joined the ranks of the royal émigrés, representing all the European thrones overturned by the Red Napoleon. These kings, queens, and princes proved an important and picturesque background for propaganda among the thousands of their old subjects now enjoying an asylum in America.

A number of foreign legions—the Loyal British, French Republican, Italian Fascisti, German Nationalists, Royal Swedish, and Norwegian—were organized under the command of American officers and did excellent service on the fronts. Only one prerogative of the royal guests was curtailed by President Smith.

The generous distribution of foreign decorations to American soldiers, politicians, government officials, and society notables was suddenly discontinued upon the circulation of a request from the President, revealing that the wild stampede among certain types of Americans craving these gaudy baubles was considered by the White House to be contrary to American ideals of democracy. The awarding of foreign decorations ceased.

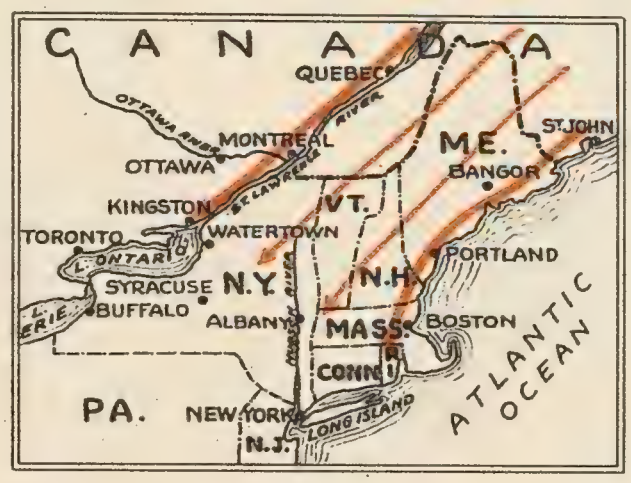
King Edward's popularity in Washington society was given a rude setback by the enemy radio broadcast of old British government secrets which had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The official Red announcement of this sensational disclosure reached the ears of hundreds of thousands of American listeners in the following words:

The American radio distribution of speeches by the deposed British king and the deposed Japanese emperor. exhorting Americans to greater effort in the war against the Red Union,

is particularly interesting in the light of documents recently found in the old Royal and Imperial War Office archives in London and Tokio.

In both capitals were found duplicate copies of war plans which Great Britain and Japan had mutually agreed to put into effect in the event of a conflict between either nation and the United States. This agreement, which was secretly referred to as the red-and-yellow or orange plan, specified a combination of the Royal British and the Imperial Japanese navies against the United States navy. This secret British-Japanese war plan called for a British invasion of America by way of Montreal and Lake Champlain, and two Japanese offensives on the Pacific coast: the first through British Columbia into the state of Washington and the second a land attack on the Panama Canal.

The Red Union War Office found the plans for the elimination of the American navy and the invasion of the United States already prepared for the Red Union; and with the exception of certain vital improvements, emanating from the military genius of Karakhan, they are the very ones being employed so effectively in North America by our victorious forces today. The plans were made by the old deposed governments whose monarchs are enjoying American hospitality.



The arrows mark the main lines of Karakhan's offensive in April, 1935.

This exposé, reminiscent of the Bolshevik publication of the famous "Willy-Nicky" correspondence between the German emperor and the Russian czar, brought forth columns of bitter newspaper comment in the American press and reduced the popularity of visiting crowned heads almost to the vanishing point.

My anxieties over Margot and Whit Dodge were relieved on January 15, when the submarine officer popped into my room in New York, his face wreathed with smiles.

"Worked like a clock!" he said. "Not a light or a soul to be seen when we came to the surface in Gray's Cove. I paddled ashore in a collapsible boat and found Margot waiting at the appointed place. We were together an hour. She's the most glorious girl in the world!

"Karakhan has Lin and Margot quartered in an old country residence on Lake Sebago. They have perfect freedom of movement and make motor trips around the country. She reached our meeting place in a runabout, without lights.

"Lin has located her parents at Salem, Massachusetts, and she and Margot are moving there this week. I have arranged a new meeting place for us at Lobster Rock, on the coast between Salem and Gloucester. I used to fish there when I was a kid."

"HAS Karakhan seen Margot yet?" In addition to my own anxiety, I wanted the information for Speed Binney.

"No, thank God!" Dodge replied. "That yellow devil has seen neither Lin nor her. Seems to enjoy subjecting his wife to torture. I hope he never sees Margot."

"Who's with them, then? They can't live there alone."

"None other than your talkative friend Colonel Boyar," said Dodge. "He's just as cocksure of victory for Karakhan as ever. He rides with him in Boston when he visits his headquarters there, and is full of gossip about the Red spring drive. Margot gathered much, and I am taking the information to the general staff tonight.

"New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington will get hell from the air this year. Karakhan's main drive will be west of the Hudson. She thinks he will try to break the American lines based on the old Erie Canal line.

"His objective is the coal mines and steel mills of Pennsylvania. The date for the opening of the offensive is not settled yet, as it depends upon the melting of the ice in the St. Lawrence.

"Isn't she a marvel? Could you imagine a girl with brains enough to grasp the importance of military information like that? If she doesn't get a Distinguished Service Medal, it will be an outrage. She deserves a Congressional Medal of Honor!"

As though it had been perfectly timed to verify the exactness of Margot's information, a terrific air raid was launched over Philadelphia the very night of my conversation with Whit Dodge in New York.

ON the following night I was in Washington, D. C., when the enemy raiders executed a three-hour aërial offensive which killed only a comparatively few people, but destroyed a number of public buildings and local transportation lines.

President Smith witnessed the beginning of the raid from the roof of the White House, but was forced by his secret service squad to take shelter in the cellars. After the raid was over, the President visited a number of hospitals and spoke with the wounded.

The result of this first attack on the national capital since 1814, when the British had burned it, was the issuance of immediate orders for the evacuation of the city and the removal of the governmental departments to St. Louis, Missouri. All the branches of the government moved, together with large numbers of diplomats.

Three years after the conclusion of the war, when I returned to Washington, the city that had once had a population of 540,000 had dwindled to less than 10,000. Without an industrial or commercial foundation, it was reduced to the importance of a village upon the withdrawal of the government departments with their hundreds of thousands of employees.

April 21 was the date chosen by Karakhan for the opening of the spring drive of 1935. In the dawn of that day, from Cape Cod to Lake Ontario, the massed artillery of the Red Napoleon erupted simultaneously to the accompaniment of terrific aërial bombing.

Carey Orr in the Chicago Tribune, Jan. 9, 1935

A cartoon that expressed the general approval of Smith's admonition to royal émigrés.

Synchronized to the hour and minute, the yellow armies in the Pacific Northwest launched new onslaughts against the American forces in Oregon, and far south in Mexico the Asiatic hordes under Kamku renewed their drive northward across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in a final effort to break through the American lines and reach the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

This general offensive along the enemy's line in all three theaters of war was intended to puzzle the American high command and screen the sector against which the Red Napoleon intended to strike his principal blow.

The purpose might have been achieved had it not been for the advance information Margot Denison had sent from behind the enemy lines. That information, confirming the deductions of the American general staff, had resulted in a tremendous reënforcement and strengthening of the American defenses on the line of the Erie Canal.

Next week's installment chronicles the progress and the halting of this main thrust of Karakhan's offensive. By July it is at a standstill, and with former President Hoover reorganizing the production of war materials, Americans begin to feel more optimistic—until Karakhan shifts his attack and lays siege to New York.

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When first you see the Jantzen *Twosome,* you vow that it's a two-piece suit! Striped or plain uppers contrasting with trunks . . . belt loops over a belt-like waist stripe . . . realistic silk buckle . . . all give this effect. But when you wear this smart looking suit, you find the smoothness, comfort and freedom of a one-piece suit!

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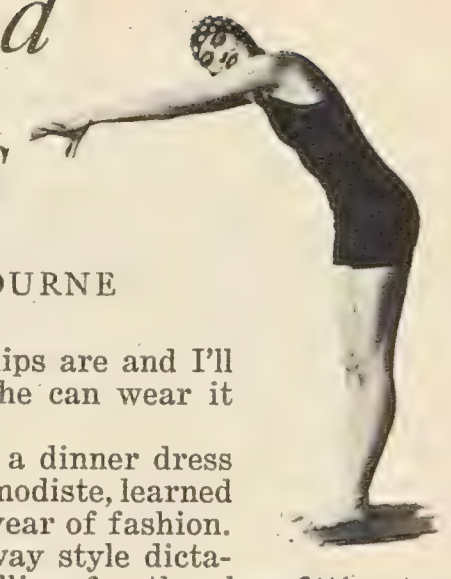
The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Address Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 46, Portland, Oregon, for free *'Jantzen Color Harmony Guide'*

Molded Hips



By Eileen Bourne

"TELL me what her hips are and I'll tell you whether she can wear it or not."

Thus a woman, ordering a dinner dress for her sister from a smart modiste, learned the relation of hips to this year of fashion. "A sinuous body" is the way style dictators describe the correct filling for the close-fitting-to-the-knee frock of current favor.

While one may worry through a dinner-party season in a dress that isn't close fitting to the knees, still there is the popularity of the blouse for day wear to reckon with; and presently there'll be the swimming suit. These call for the smartly molded hipline; which points to sustained, honest, determined effort to win a sinuous silhouette.

The girdle is again the best seller among foundation garments. Even the débutante is importuned to bind her hips. In more extended foundation garments, also, the molded hipline is stressed. A foundation garment, however, can only restrain; while by proper exercise you can remodel your figure so that, with or without such a garment, you will have a trimmer hipline.

Horseback riding is excellent for reducing hips and buttocks (to be included with hip molding, since their flatness is just as desirable and benefit from the same forms of exercise). But its expensiveness limits horseback riding to comparatively few persons. The swimming days now at hand hold fine promise of hip reducing for those who will go in and swim.

Rope jumping is a splendid reducer. And there is walking. Not trudging along, sauntering, or just getting somewhere—but *walking* at the rate of four miles an hour. Try that for a month and see if your hips aren't grateful for the load you've lifted off them. Four miles an hour is stiff walking; but it is the gait that will walk off a lot of other troubles along with the hip ones.

Then, there is one single exercise—a roller, but not the old dizzying kind—that after a solid month's trial you'll agree a world-beater in hip-reducing work.

Lie on your back on the floor, feet together, arms at sides. On count 1, raise the right leg, cross it over the left, and stretch, with toe pointing, as far to the left as possible. But keep your head and shoulders on the floor. Let your back do the twisting and hips the rolling. On count 2, return the right leg to position and lift the left leg. Then roll the body over to the right, stretching leg and toe as far as you can. Repeat. Roll alternately right and left. If you'd like a little music with it, good. Turn on a waltz tune. Begin with five minutes night and morning—by the clock, not guesswork. Then increase to ten minutes.

Diet, coupled with this single exercise, and the four-mile walk a day for extra good measure, will quickly put you in the trim-hipped class. Try the half-portion diet. It's simply reducing your food intake at each meal by half. Eat what you want, but only half as much as you've been eating.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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EVENINGS WITHOUT MEN

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Molyneux made the ensemble shown on the left for the Maharanee of Indore. It consists of a beige crêpe coat with a printed frock.

The gown at the right, of lily-of-the-valley green georgette, was designed for the Comtesse de St. Phalle. Notice the set-on panels.

Black net of coarse mesh is the smart fabric in the frock to the left. Molyneux planned it for the Princesse de Monaco.

Another evening gown from Molyneux, printed in tortoise-shell tones, is shown above worn by Lady Castlerosse.

Paris.

ONE of the greatest wonders of the world, to well-bred Frenchwomen, is the way American women go around unescorted after dark—and think nothing of it. They feel a mixture of wistfulness and envy at this perfectly unself-conscious manifestation of our emancipation. How we get that way is beyond them. Not so the cleverest and most up-to-date Paris dressmakers. *They* study us with intelligence, nonprejudice, and devotion. Result—Paris is offering correct clothes for the women who go out without men in the evening.

To the French mind, correct clothes for a lady in any situation are charming clothes, particularly and especially appropriate to the occasion. The reasoning for the women without men works thusly: They should look even more charming than when flanked by escorts. They should appear aloof and unconscious, and at the same time quite capable of enjoying themselves without inhibition. There should be no letting down of chic—for who knows what lies just around the corner?

The first and most important point in dress for the woman who goes out alone in the evening is simplicity, and the second is elegance and perfect grooming.

Even our emancipated American girl may fail to strike just the right note in her clothes when she goes out in feminine company. Her spirit is entirely right, and her clothes should be also. Black is, of course, an ideal color for the lady alone in the evening. However, black is not at all obligatory. Wear color if you wish, but see to it that the color is restrained to discretion. In fabrics, choose something that is not brilliant, nor, on the other hand, dull. Avoid all extremes of décolletage.

I have chosen four Paris models that are appropriate for the lady alone, and equally appropriate for the escorted one. All of these frocks are being worn around Paris now by famous women who represent the last word in French chic. The first sketch shows an ensemble that would be worn for informal occasions by a traveler. Molyneux designed it for the Maharanee of Indore. It consists of a beige crêpe coat, trimmed all over with diagonal tucks, and having a collar of nutria. The dress and coat lining are of beige, brown, and red crêpe de chine.

A bit more formal and yet utterly simple is the Molyneux dress of lily-of-the-valley green crêpe georgette, distinguished by graduated panels on skirt and blouse. It was designed for the Comtesse de St. Phalle.

Next it is a beautiful black evening frock of a coarse mesh net, designed by Molyneux for the Princesse de Monaco. The long bodice, hip yoke, and full skirt with long side panels are fashion details of the first importance. The effect of this frock is perfection of simplicity and elegance.

Our upper right figure shows an evening frock of printed chiffon in tortoise-shell tones, with a skirt having tiers of flaring panels. It was designed by Molyneux for Lady Castlerosse.

* * *

The latest thing in summer slippers is sandals made of silvered Panama straw, made by Perugia.

Molyneux is making tailored suits of coarse linen for his smart clients.

Augustabernard is adding ruffled scarfs to her printed summer frocks. You can wear 'em around shoulders or waist.

Agnes' lace bonnets are covering many a fashionable coiffure after dark.

Concluding

FOOL ERRANT

PATRICIA WENTWORTH'S

Serial of Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

"You kissed her—Hélène. Oh, I saw you!"

PART TWELVE—LOVE RINGS DOWN THE CURTAIN

THE car ran smoothly down the dark road. Loveday watched the darkness flow past. She felt as if she were flying, as if the excitement which possessed her were bearing her up like wings.

The suitcase was on the seat beside her, and Hélène's book was in the suitcase, and the plans—Minstrel's plans—Hugo's plans—were in the book. She had carried them off under their very noses—yes, under Hélène's very own powdered nose, and she was getting away with them in Hélène's own car, specially provided because Hélène wanted to get rid of her before Hugo came. It was *frightfully* funny.

What was she going to do about the plans? Hugo must have hidden them in the flute—and he wouldn't have done that if they hadn't been simply frightfully important. She wanted terribly to know what had been happening. Hélène had gone off—to London—no, of course it wasn't London really—Hélène had gone off to the place that horrid Hacker had told her to go to when he had said she must be sure to be punctual. Well, anyway, Hélène had gone—and she had been away for hours—and when she came back she had Hugo's flute—and she was making pretty sure that Hugo would follow her—that was why she had sent Loveday away.

Loveday sat up, quivering with impatience. At first she had thought only of getting away with the papers; now she began to think about Hugo arriving at Torring House. He might be getting there at this very minute—he might be there now. Every moment she and the plans were being carried farther away.

All the bubbling pleasure went out of her. If Hugo had had the papers and lost them, that horrid Hacker might be able to hurt him. She must give the papers back to him before anything dreadful happened—she simply must.

They had run about two miles, when the car slowed down and stopped. Loveday looked out. There was a red lamp ahead of them, and from away on the right came the chuffing sound of a train.

The chauffeur looked round.

"It's the level crossing, Miss. The train's just coming in—we shan't be long."

Loveday sat back again. An idea had come into her mind like a flash of light. She sat back and pulled the suitcase toward her.

Thank goodness it was Albert who was driving, and not the thin, dark foreign chauffeur who had taken Hélène to London; he had sharp eyes that frightened her a little. But Albert was just a bun-faced Ledlington boy. Loveday wasn't the least bit afraid of Albert.

She felt for the book that held the plans, folded the papers up as tight as they would go, and pushed them well down inside the pocket of her coat. Then she turned the handle of the door on her left and waited.

The train puffed into the station and left the crossing clear. The gates began to move, and just as Albert let in the clutch, Loveday opened the door and slipped out into the road.

She watched the red tail-light get smaller and smaller as the car receded, and then, turning, began to run back along the road by which she had just come. When she had run a little way she walked, and when she had walked a little she ran again.

Two miles is a long way at night on a lightless road. Loveday didn't like the dark; the trees made rustling noises overhead, things creaked in the hedgerows, and the sound of her own feet frightened her.

She was panting a little when she came into the drive that led up to Torring House. It was even darker here than it had been on the road, because the trees hung over it and blotted out the moonless sky. She thought she heard a footstep, and stood still to listen. Then, in a panic, she ran on again. She could see the lights of the house, and she wanted to get closer to them.

Her heart was beating so fast when she stopped that she couldn't hear anything else, and the more she strained to listen, the less she could hear. From where she stood she could see the fanlight over the hall door. She looked at it, and all at once the door was opened wide.

Antoine, the butler, had opened it. She could see him with the light shining down on him from the globe immediately over the door. He had opened the door to let someone in. Loveday saw a man's back, and then she very nearly called out, because, just before Antoine shut the door, the man turned and she saw his face. And it was Hugo. It was Hugo whose footsteps had frightened her. It was Hugo—and she had missed him!

II

ALBERT drove on from the level crossing in a thoroughly pleasant and contented frame of mind. His home was in Ledlington, and as soon as he had dropped Miss Leigh he meant to go round and see his young lady, who lived in the same street. Her name was Maudie Tillett, and she was a very superior young lady.

Albert toyed with the idea of taking Maudie for a spin. Maudie hadn't seen him with the Bentley; and he had a feeling that he would like Maudie to see him with the Bentley—Maudie was rather high in her notions. Pleasant thoughts of showing off before Maudie continued to occupy him until he drew up at the gate of Mr. Brown's villa on the outskirts of Ledlington.

He got down, opened the door, and received a severe shock. The rug was on the floor, and Miss Leigh's suitcase was on the seat; but Miss Leigh wasn't anywhere at all.

When he told Maudie about it a little later, he said he was struck all of a heap. He pushed back his cap and scratched his head. He was not a quick thinker, but when put to it he could "do a bit of thinking." He told Maudie so. "I dunno where she gave me the slip, and I dunno how she gave me the slip, and if you ask me why she gave me the slip—well, you're asking me something I can't tell you. But I can do a bit of thinking if I like, and the longer I got thinking about it, the clearer I could see that I was going to get into trouble over it. And what I said to myself was, 'Now why should I get into trouble for the like of her? It's everyone for himself when it comes to a row, and I didn't *ask* her to give me the slip.' So I made up my mind what to do, and I done it, and I'm not telling anyone what I done—only you, Maudie, because I know you're safe, and it stands to reason you wouldn't want to get me into a row."

"That's right," said Miss Tillett.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I tell you," said the indignant Mr. Green, "he browbeat me—he positively browbeat me."

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-one]

When Albert had finished thinking, he picked up Miss Leigh's suitcase, tiptoed up the steps with it, and deposited it on the porch just outside the hall door. He then went back to the Bentley and drove away to see Maudie.

As far as he was concerned, he had taken Miss Leigh to Laburnum Lodge and left her on the front doorstep. What had happened to her after that was no concern of his.

He took Maudie for a very pleasant spin.

III

LOVEDAY was tired and cold. She was tired of the dark, and the damp that dripped from the trees, and she was tired of waiting all alone in the cold whilst Hugo was in a warm scented room with Hélène de Lara. Sometimes she walked up and down, and sometimes she stood still. The time dragged by in slow, dark minutes.

Minstrel and Hacker passed within a yard of her, walking fast—black figures going by without a word, black figures unknown but frightening. She held her breath until they were quite gone, then turned and stared at the door under the fanlight until it opened and the two black figures went in. She recognized Hacker, and guessed at his companion. The door shut again.

They were in there—and Hugo was in there—and she was outside in a horrible dark, cold drive without the least idea of what was happening or of what they were doing to Hugo. They might be doing simply anything.

She ran along the dark path that led through the shrubbery to the steps under the terrace. The window of Hélène's sitting room was there just across the terrace, only a few yards away. It was there, but she couldn't see any light. She crossed the gravel and pressed close to the glass. It was all black, thick, opaque; she couldn't see anything. But she could hear. She could hear voices, but they were faint and muffled. That meant that the shutters were closed.

SHE could not have said how long she stood there. It seemed a very long time. Sometimes there was no sound at all, and sometimes the sound was so faint that she could hardly be sure of it. And then, all of a sudden, there was a real sound, very sharp and clear and most terrifyingly close at hand. It was the click of a key. Someone was opening the shutter. Someone was going to open the door.

Loveday didn't know she was going to run, but she found herself on the other side of the terrace quite close to the steps, with all the breath gone out of her and her heart thumping like mad. The long French window had opened. Light came from it in a beam that died gradually into dusk. Loveday ran down the steps.

There were two people coming across the terrace. She stepped off the path and took the old black yew tree for shelter, just as Hugo had done on the night Hélène first brought him to Torring House. It was Hugo and Hélène coming now. She was sure of that even before she heard their voices. She held her breath. What did it mean? Hélène and Hugo. They were there, just at the top of the steps, and she heard Hugo say, "Good-by," and heard him stammer over saying it.

Loveday felt something like a little fiery spark—she thought of it like that afterwards when she tried to understand what had happened. There was a little fiery spark. It went off with a flash somewhere in her mind, and everything in her caught fire. Hélène's murmuring voice was like a wind that fanned the flames—Hélène's whispering, heartbroken voice.

Loveday came forward a step. She didn't care, now, whether they saw her or not. She felt like a blazing fire that everyone could see.

Hugo was coming down. No—he had stopped. Against the lighted window she saw two dark figures that melted into one.

"Hugo—don't go!" Hélène—Hélène said that; and Hugo stammered, "I must." The two dark figures were one.

The fire in Loveday died with a dreadful suddenness at the sound of a kiss. It died, and she was cold—burnt out and cold.

"Oh, go—go!" said Hélène.

She pushed Hugo away.

He didn't see why she couldn't have gone to sleep with her head on his shoulder.

HUGO came down the steps, and passed so close to Loveday that she could easily have touched him. She didn't touch him. She stood still.

Hugo went away. He went away down the dark path, under the dark trees. She heard the sound of his feet—and she stopped hearing it—there wasn't any sound at all. Hugo had gone away.

Loveday came out on to the path and looked back at the house. She felt like Lot's wife; she felt like a frozen pillar of salt, frozen tears. She looked back at the house, and she saw Hélène standing on the step of her sitting room with the light behind her.

Hélène stood there looking after Hugo. And all at once Mr. Hacker came up behind her and she turned and went in. The door shut, the curtain fell. The house was dark. Loveday was all alone.

She put her hands before her face to shut the darkness out, and just as she did so, something moved close beside her.

Something moved, rustled, and scuttered away. A rat, or a rabbit—she didn't know what it was; but she began to run, and as soon as she began to run, panic came over her. She ran without knowing where she was going. She bruised her shoulder and her knee before she reached the drive. She ran on, not knowing where she was.

Hugo didn't run. He walked at a good brisk pace, because he had to get to Ledlington, find Loveday, and get away to town with the plans. When he heard the sound of someone running behind him, he stopped to listen, and before he knew what was happening Loveday ran into him in the dark and nearly knocked him down. She was running blindly with her hands out before her. They struck his arm, and she came sobbing and choking against his shoulder.

He knew it was Loveday almost before he knew that it was going to be anyone at all; he heard her sob before she touched him. And then, in a second, she was in his arms and he was saying her name:

"Loveday! Loveday!"

Loveday's panic was so great that it could hardly have been greater; yet when her groping hands touched a man's arm she came to the nightmare point where a dream *must* break because we can bear no more. Her dream broke when Hugo's voice said, "Loveday!" and his arms came round her close and safe. She dropped her head

upon his shoulder and stayed there, neither breathing nor thinking.

"Loveday! What is it? Loveday—darling!"

Loveday drew breath again, but she did not lift her head.

"What is it? Have they hurt you?"

Loveday drew away. "I've got the plans," she said.

. . . . .

They caught a train at Meade Halt—caught it by the skin of their teeth.

When the train left the station, Loveday sat back in her corner and shut her eyes. She didn't want to talk and she didn't want to think, and she didn't want Hugo to touch her. They hadn't really talked at all; because you can't talk when you're running. She had given Hugo the plans and said, now she would go back to Ledlington. And Hugo had said, how could she go back to Ledlington all by herself in the middle of the night?

Loveday was miserably aware that if she had had any proper pride she would have insisted on going back to Ledlington. Nine o'clock isn't the middle of the night, really; and even if it were, a girl with any proper pride would rather walk seven miles by herself along a lonely country road than run away to London with someone who didn't love her, or he wouldn't have kissed other people.

She was passionately glad to be in a lighted railway carriage with Hugo; but she wouldn't speak to him, and she certainly wouldn't let him kiss her.

Hugo felt dreadfully damped, because he wanted very much to kiss Loveday and to tell her how clever she was, and all about Treneath and his uncle's will being found. And then he called himself a perfect beast, because, of course, she was most frightfully tired and it was much better for her to go to sleep—only he didn't see why she couldn't have gone to sleep with her head on his shoulder.

At the next station a fat man in a large overcoat got in, and did a cross-word puzzle all the way up to town.

IV

THE clock on Mr. Smith's mantelpiece struck 11.

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "we shall see what we shall see." He addressed a stout, round, plump-faced gentleman, who gazed at him with some asperity and replied, "That's all very well."

"We shall see what we shall see," repeated Mr. Smith. "To which I would add the cheering phrases, 'Don't be downhearted' and 'Never say die.'"

The short, stout gentleman snorted: "That's all very well!"

"You repeat yourself, my dear Green," said Mr. Smith.

Mr. Green snorted again.

"If what you say is true, that man Minstrel's assurance is past belief."

"Nothing is past belief," said Mr. Smith placidly.

"I tell you," said the indignant Mr. Green—"I tell you, he browbeat me—he positively browbeat me. He said if we hadn't worried him out of his life, he'd never have sent the papers off by this young fellow-me-lad of a secretary—said it was my fault if they were lost—*my fault!* Personally, I believe the man's out of his mind. He raved up and down my room like—like a hyena, and he told me he'd driven at seventy miles an hour to get here. I tell you, I think he's mad."

"There's a little method in his madness," said Mr. Smith dryly.

"He's a most unpleasant fellow to deal with—offensive—downright offensive. He seemed to think I was a policeman—a *policeman!* Seemed to think it was my job to go dashing round the country arresting his damned secretary! Mad, I say! Anyhow, the plans are gone!"

The door opened. Mr. Smith's confidential servant approached him.

"Someone to see you, sir."

He laid a strip of paper on the arm of his master's chair. Mr. Smith took it and got up.

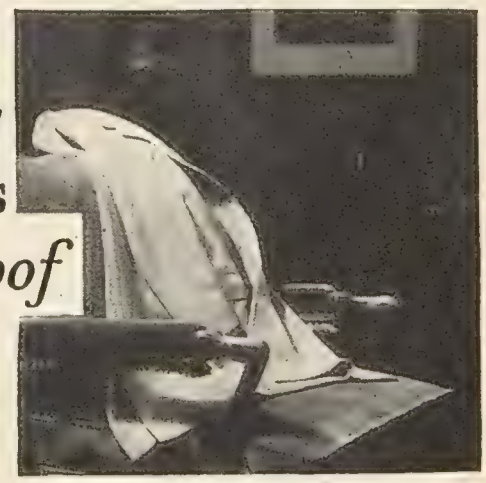
"The dining room, Walters." Then, as the man withdrew, "Will you wait a minute, Green? I think—no, I won't tell you what I think. Converse with Ananias until I return."

Ananias cocked a cold eye at the guest as Mr. Smith

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Right now . . is the danger time for moth damage

Don't worry about moths *but mothproof* fabrics



New mothproofing agent protects rugs and furniture as well as clothes

Are your mohair and woolen pieces safe—really safe—from moth damage? This is the time of year when the danger is most acute. And no matter how carefully you have wrapped things and packed them away in evil-smelling preparations, if moth-eggs are present they will hatch into moth-worms.

These greedy ravaging moth-worms—and not the flying moths—are responsible for all the destruction. Anyone who tries to *kill* moths is on the wrong track. The new way, the *sure* way, to protect clothes, rugs, and furniture is actually to *mothproof* the cloth itself so that the moth-worms will never even begin to eat it.

This sounds simple and it is simple. Science has at last found a perfect mothproofing agent. It is called Larvex. It is odorless and non-inflammable. It is easy to use. Don't confuse Larvex with insect killers. Larvex is a *mothproofing* agent, not moth killing.

For coats, suits, etc., you just spray the Larvex on and hang them away in closets, smooth and unwrinkled, ready for use at any time. One application lasts a whole year and costs no more than a single pressing. You spray upholstery and rugs the same way.

Different kind of Larvex for washable woolens

A different kind of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Then, until they must be washed again, you can use or store your precious woolens anywhere without worry about moth-holes.

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are sold by drug and department stores everywhere. They put an end to all moth damage. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

IT COMES IN TWO FORMS

For coats, suits, rugs, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. $1 for a pint or, with atomizer which lasts for years, $1.50. Also obtainable in half-gallon and one-gallon sizes.

For blankets, sweaters, woolen stockings, baby clothes and all other *washable* woolens. In powder form to dissolve in tub before immersing the woolens, 50 cents a package — enough for two tubfuls.

SPRAYING LARVEX RINSING LARVEX

69–4

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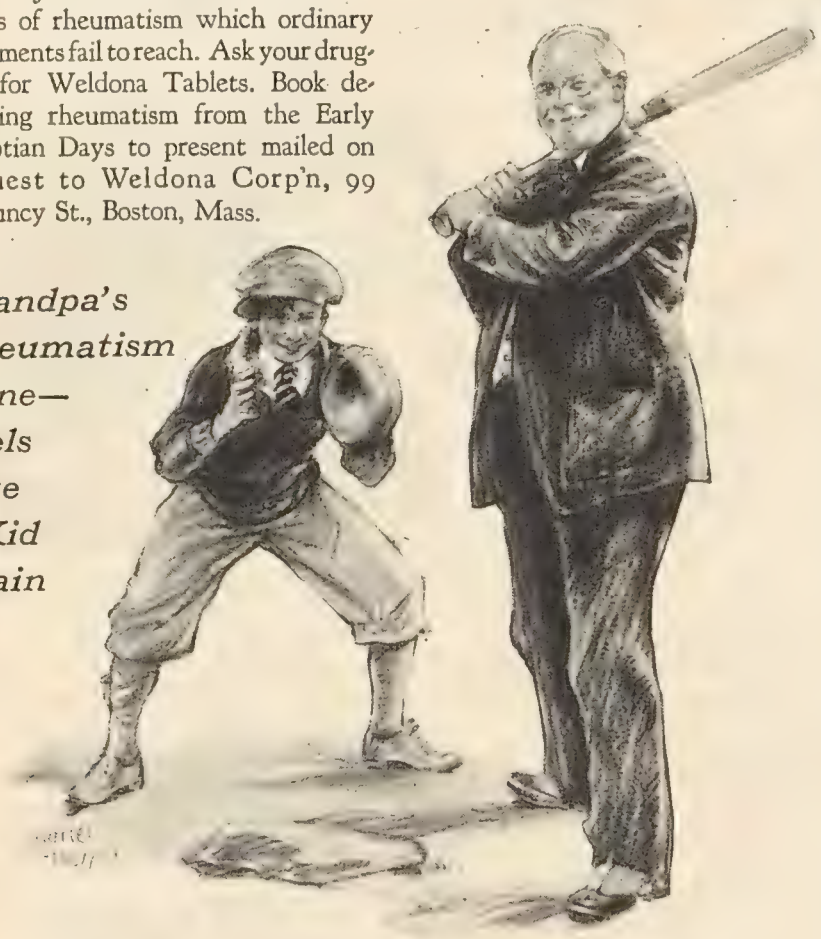

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FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-three

went out. When the door had closed, he sidled to the end of his perch, once more regarded Mr. Green with distaste, and then, in a very ostentatious manner, turned his back.

Mr. Smith went into the dining room, and found two young people where he had expected to find only one. Mr. Hugo Ross was on one side of the room, and Miss Loveday Leigh on the other. Mr. Hugo Ross was flushed, and Miss Loveday Leigh was pale—Miss Loveday Leigh was very pale indeed. Hugo was the nearer to him.

He said, "I've got 'em, sir! I've g-g-g-got 'em!" And without more ado he thrust some badly crumpled papers upon Mr. Smith, who took them in an absent-minded manner and continued to look inquiringly at the pale girl on the other side of the room.

"L-Loveday got 'em!" said Hugo eagerly.

"Indeed?"

"I thought I'd absolutely mucked it up. You see, he sent me off to town with the p-plans, and they drugged my c-c-coffee—only of course I wasn't such a mug as to drink it. And I let them take the p-plans Ananias sent me, because I'd hidden the real ones in my f-flute—only they took the flute, too, and I thought I'd absolutely m-mucked it up—only Loveday got them back. And we had to run like billy-oh to catch our train, and I thought we'd better come straight to you, because I haven't the l-least idea where to find Mr. Green at this time of the night."

"How very lucid!" said Mr. Smith. "A—er—most masterly abstract." He glanced at the crumpled papers, then gazed at the pale young lady.

"Miss—er—?"

"L-L-Leigh," said Hugo, and blushed.

Mr. Smith bowed.

"If Miss Leigh will excuse us, I should like you to repeat, and perhaps elaborate, that highly interesting statement of yours to my friend Mr. Green—he happens to be in the next room. I feel sure that the flute episode will appeal to Green."

He led the way from the room. The door closed.

LOVEDAY sat down on a chair by the fire. All the excitement was over. Everything was most terribly flat and dull. A horrid succession of flat, cold, dull, unprofitable days stretched out before her to the very end of her life. She would rather—oh, *so* much rather—be escaping in breathless terror hand in hand with Hugo. What was the use of saying what she would rather do? She would never run away hand in hand with Hugo any more. It was all over. Everything was quite safe, and dull, and cold.

She put her head down on the arm of Mr. Smith's shabby old leather chair and began to cry the dreadfully miserable tears of buoyant youth. She went on crying for a very long time.

She didn't know when she drifted into sleep, but she woke with a start to find Hugo's arms round her. Hugo was kissing her, and the dreadful thing was that before she quite knew what she was doing she had kissed him back. It was frightful.

She drew herself away with a sob.

"Don't! Oh, don't!"

"Darling—it's all right—it's all *right*. Green's got the plans. We've brought it off! Aren't you glad? Aren't you happy? Darling—what's the matter—why mayn't I kiss you?"

Loveday strained away from him.

"You kissed *her!*"

"Loveday!"

"You kissed *her*—Hélène. Oh, I saw you!"

It was Hugo's turn to draw away.

"Loveday, you don't believe that!" He got up. "Loveday!"

Loveday got up too. It is easier to be proud when you are standing up.

"You *did* kiss her! I came back to find you, and I was at the bottom of the steps—and you said good-by to her—and she kissed you—I *know* she did!"

Hugo didn't blush; he got white. A minute before everything had been all right; and now everything was too rotten for words.

"You don't love me," said Loveday. "Go away! Go to *Ellen!*"

"Thank you!" said Hugo.

He turned away. She had hurt him so frightfully that he didn't want her to see his face.

"Why did you kiss her?" said Loveday.

"I didn't."

Something had happened. Loveday believed him. She couldn't explain why she believed him, but she did. Whether it was something in his voice, or something in her own heart, she couldn't have said. But she believed him.

She believed him, and she said in a laughing-crying voice, "Ellen—you know that's Hélène's real name—was always a most frightful snatch-cat. Emily always told me she was. I believe she tried to snatch Andrew. Oh, just fancy anyone wanting to snatch *Andrew!* Hugo—are you frightfully angry?"

"Yes, I am," said Hugo. He turned his head away.

Loveday had no proper pride. She flung her arms round his neck.

"Hugo—don't be! I'm frightfully miserable—at least I was frightfully miserable when I thought you didn't love me."

"Perhaps I don't," said Hugo; but he put his arms round her.

"You *do*—I know you do! You don't love Ellen a bit—you love me!" She put her face up to be kissed. "You haven't told me what's happened."

"You didn't seem to want to know."

"I didn't want to know—when I thought you didn't love me. But I want to know now. Tell me! Tell me what's happened!"

HUGO hugged her. "Green's in there," he said—"and he's got the plans. So that's all right. But I say—would you believe it?—he's had Minstrel and Hacker here already!"

"How could he?"

"They must have run the in'ards out of that old car. Don't you see? They wanted to get in first with their story."

"Hugo—he doesn't believe them!"

"I don't think he wants to have an official row with Minstrel. I think they'll patch the whole thing up and save Minstrel's face. I don't think they care so long as they've got the plans. They couldn't prove anything, you know."

"But you—" said Loveday. "Hugo—what happens to you?"

He laughed.

"It's not me—it's *us*," he said.

"Oh, tell me!"

"My uncle's will has turned up."

"Oh!" said Loveday.

"He's left me Treneath. I knew he meant to—but he really did it. Loveday, we can get married! We shan't have to wait. We can get married at once. You'll love Treneath. Oh, Loveday, you will—won't you?"

Mr. Smith opened the door gently. He had just let Mr. Green out and made some noise about it, but apparently neither Hugo nor Loveday had noticed anything. They did not notice that the door had opened, neither did they notice when it closed again.

Mr. Smith closed it and returned to his study. He took out his watch and glanced at it.

"I think I'll give them another five minutes, Ananias," he said.

THE END

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 51

Racing shells never are built for seven oarsmen.
All of the oars are on one side of the shell.
The coxswain is seated in the bow of the boat.
The woman's hand shows six fingers.
Only one lapel on the man's coat.
Stripes on one sleeve do not conform with the rest of the coat.
Oarlock is missing from the rowboat.

Right from DIXIE

"The Nickel Lunch"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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U.S.A. and Canada

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For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

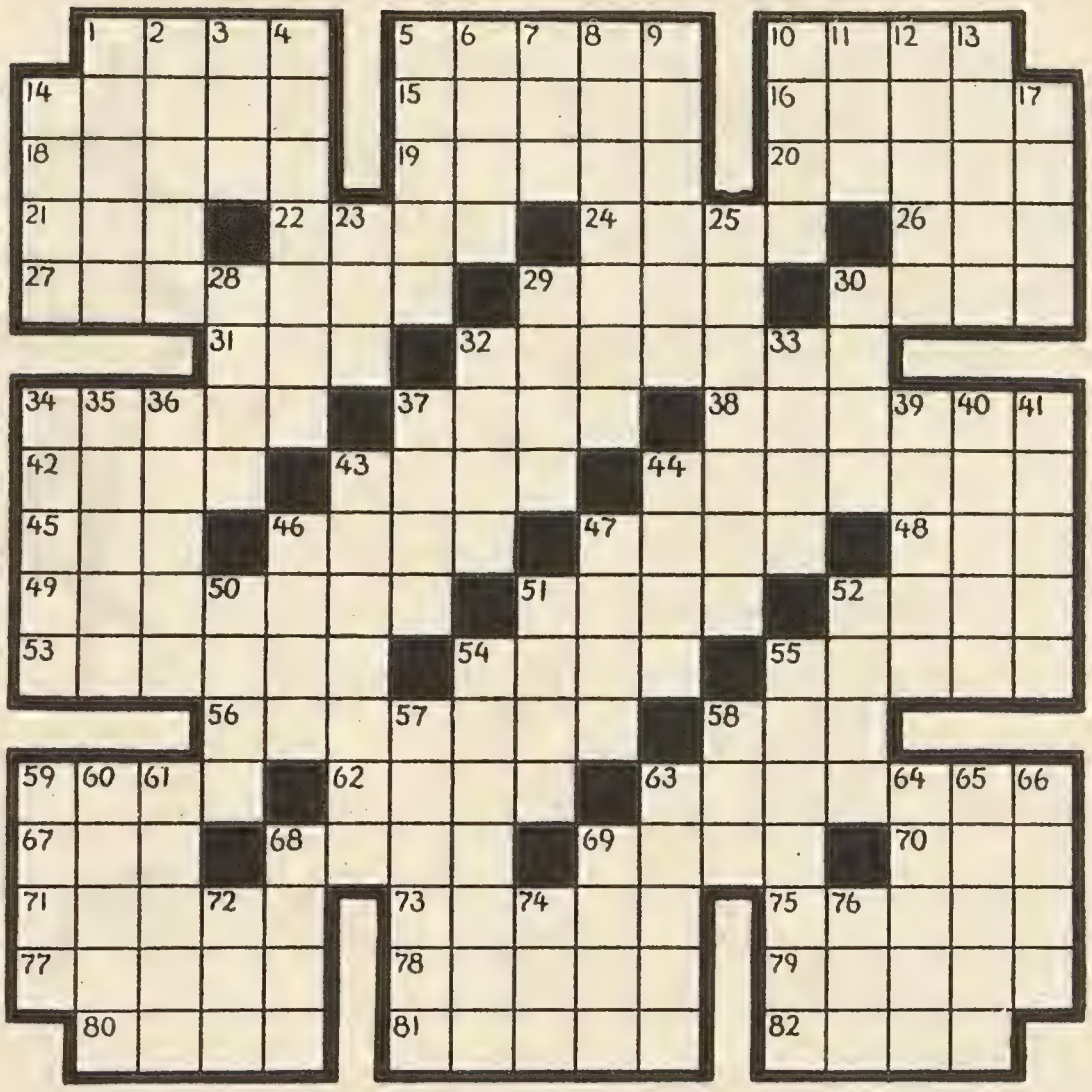
Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

COMING

. . . the most sparkling feature of the year! By the author of the famous best-seller "Show Girl" . . . Watch for the start next week in

• LIBERTY

Two New Puzzles:

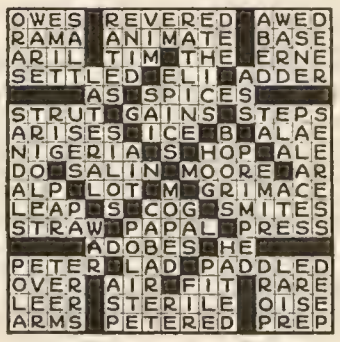


HORIZONTAL

1 Spill, as a liquid
5 Part of an animal's stomach used as food
10 Crush
14 Stringed instrument
15 Passenger
16 Stageplayer
18 Wrath
19 Genus of geese
20 Gaze fixedly
21 Frosting
22 Long, pointed tooth
24 Gone by
26 Those in political power
27 One of a Mohammedan fraternity
29 Departed
30 Formerly
31 Playing card
32 Have relation to
34 Division of a poem
37 Strikes lightly
38 Cavernlike apartment
42 Beverages
43 Goes about idly.
44 Marine growth
45 Oar
46 Hostelries
47 Forlorn
48 Form of to be
49 American Indians
51 Constrictors
52 In addition
53 Fusion of two or more corporations
54 Acid
55 Ascended
56 Greatest
58 Coal container
59 Edom
62 Part of the head (plural)
63 Bragged
67 Cause to be quit of
68 Unoccupied
69 A vehicle
70 Anglo-Saxon coin
71 Minute particles
73 Growing out
75 Wand
77 Oriental caravansary
78 Hot mixed beverage
79 Obliterate
80 Collections of articles belonging together
81 Desert dwellers
82 Strike out

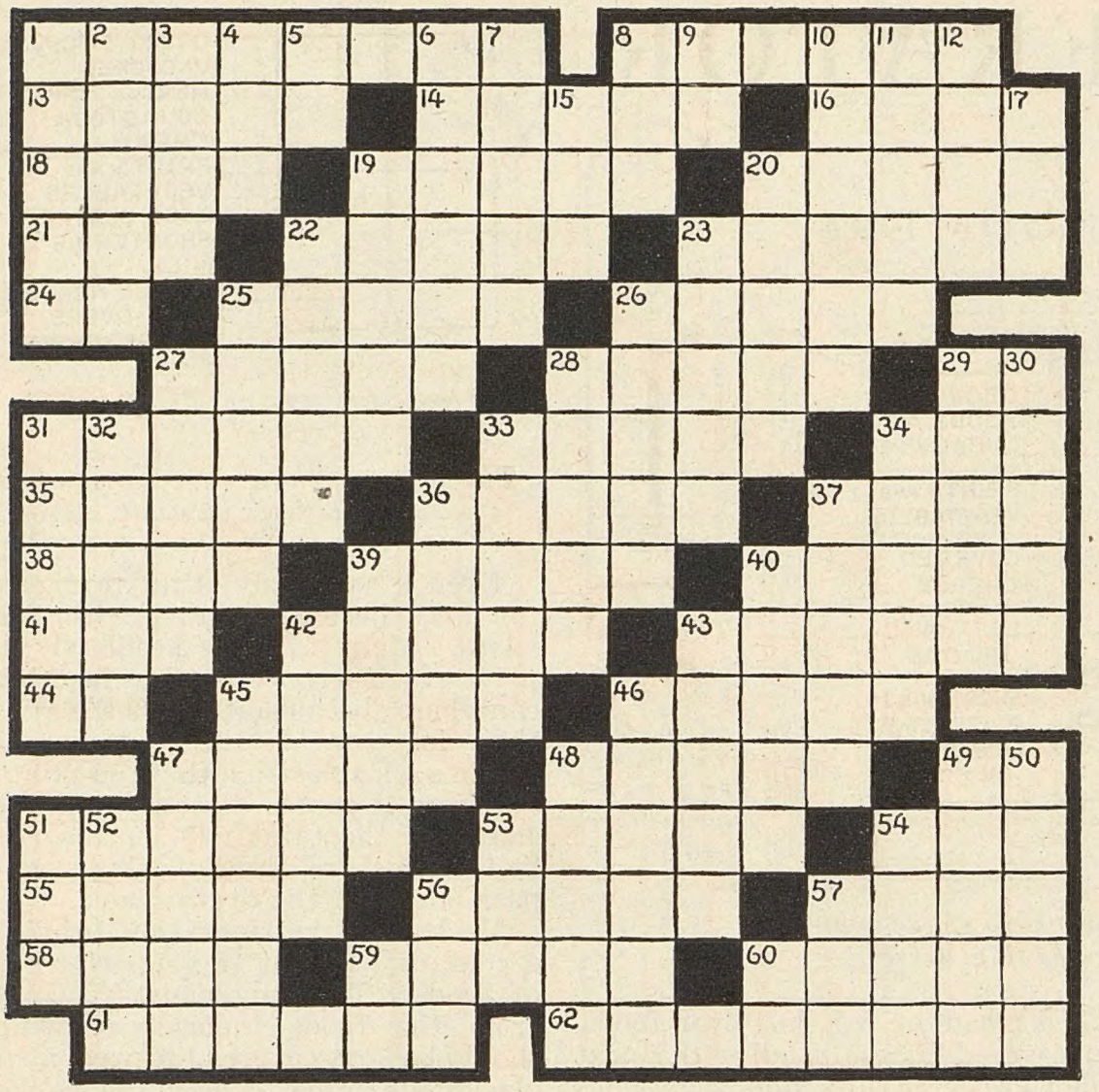
VERTICAL

1 Ago
2 Beer
3 Pronoun
4 Colonnade
5 Rubbish
6 Skating inclosure
7 Small fishes
8 Small tree frogs
9 Astray or roving
10 Pole
11 To do
12 Stage in a flight of steps
13 Wind instruments
14 Compensated
17 Surcease from effort
23 Utility
25 Veteran actors
28 Large receptacles
29 Moistens
30 Enough
32 Cushions
33 Persia
34 Strike and glance off
35 Single
36 Fresher
37 Kitchen utensils
39 Ducks
40 Succinct
41 Ancient Greek theater
43 Growled
44 Float aloft
46 Mental image
47 Clownish, awkward fellow
50 Hut of an arctic dweller
51 To ornament with studs
52 Succors
54 Calmer
55 Foundation of entire track of a railroad
57 City in Illinois
58 Garden implement
59 Periods
60 Locations
61 Be filled with fervent devotion
63 Consecrate or hallow
64 Sum
65 Irregularly notched
66 Native of a Scandinavian country
68 Egyptian deity
69 Stump
72 Entangle
74 Commander or chief officer in Turkey
76 Measure of area



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Variables of quantics (mathematics)
8 Political dictators
13 Abode of the dead (Babylonian mythology)
14 One remaining
16 Gazer
18 Recline lazily
19 Gastropod mollusk
20 Aspect of planets 120 degrees apart
21 The first man (Norse mythology)
22 A stag in the third year
23 Crushes into small fragments
24 Japanese measure of area
25 Retinue
26 Tine
27 Position in thrusting (fencing)
28 Hackneyed
29 Symbol for calcium
31 A long step
33 Thicket of shrubs
34 To gather, as whales
35 Makes less dense
36 Brightness; luster
37 Combining form meaning foot
38 A tear
39 Land belonging to a parish church
40 Assumed functions
41 Large flatboat
42 The constellation Grus
43 Rewards or punishments
44 Pronoun
45 Tendency
46 Lassoed
47 Part of a tire
48 Beverages
49 Addition to a writing (initials)
51 Terrified
53 Wind, as a rope, round a pin
54 Undermine
55 Area, large or small
56 Undomesticated
57 A hall (Spanish)
58 Receptacle
59 A son of Abraham
60 Preferences
61 Defeated
62 Tendency to idealize

VERTICAL

1 Refrain in old songs (plural)
2 Ascended
3 Cleat on a horse's shoe
4 Evil
5 Prefix meaning well
6 An explosive
7 To bristle, as hair
8 One of the supreme triad (Babylonian mythology)
9 A conjunction
10 An animo derivative
11 Observing narrowly
12 Transmit
15 Go in haste
17 A point in law
19 Rancor
20 Pledged faith
22 Softens, as a tone
23 Ground grain
25 Godly person
26 A plum
27 Emit a crackling sound
28 Social group
29 Military student
30 Improperly
31 Straggler
32 Thither
33 Coalesce
34 Frozen
36 A secreting organ
37 Minute dots mottling the sun
39 Considerable in degree
40 Make requital for
42 Upper curve or ridge of a horse's neck
43 Pertaining to mood (grammar)
45 Traces
46 Masculine proper name
47 Chief of a Scottish clan
48 Seraglio, or harem
49 Becomes obscure
50 Paroxysmal action
51 Coin of Siam
52 Attempt to grasp
53 Couch
54 Japanese beverage
56 Nourished
57 Yellow ocher
59 Pronoun
60 Note of the scale

S	I	D	E		R	O	M	I	C		S	C	A	B		
O	B	A	N		O	B	O	T	H		T	A	R	E		
L	I	C	E		M	E	N	S	A		E	R	I	E		
O	D	E	R		A	S	K		S	H	E	L	L	S		
			G	O	N	E		S	T	O	P					
S	H	E	I	K	S		P	L	I	M	S	O	L	L		
P	U	L	S	E		G	R	A	T	E		L	E	O		
I	M	A	M		C	R	O	N	Y		B	E	A	D		
C	A	T		F	L	I	N	G		O	L	I	V	E		
K	N	E	L	L	I	N	G		T	W	I	N	E	S		
			E	O	N	S		P	O	E	T					
G	A	R	N	E	T		P	I	U		H	I	G	H		
A	D	I	T		O	S	I	E	R		E	D	N	A		
L	A	T	E		N	O	N	C	E		L	E	A	N		
A	M	E	N		S	T	E	E	D		Y	A	R	D		

Answer to last week's puzzle

One drop Stops PAIN

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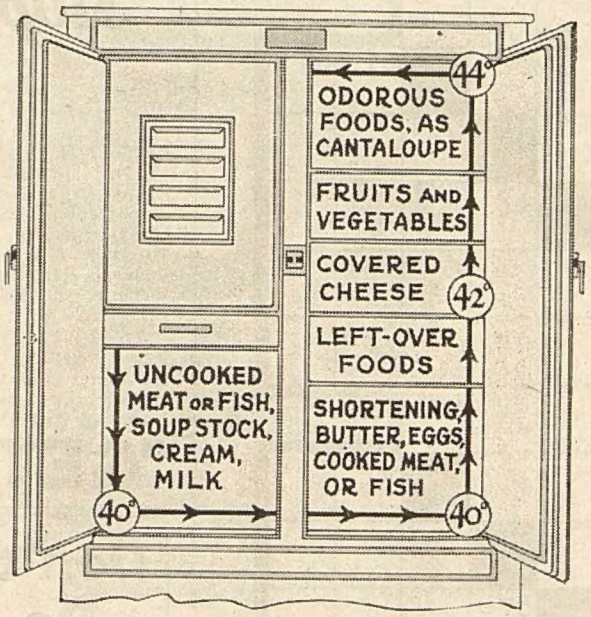
Your REFRIGERATOR

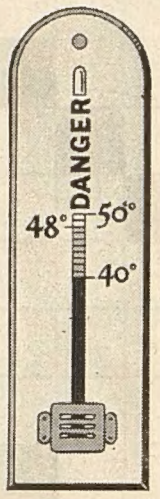
By ETHEL SOMERS

REFRIGERATORS are all too often just taken for granted! Many housewives will study how to make the best use of their stoves, but show no interest in information about their refrigerators. Yet a refrigerator is in constant use, either guarding the health of your family or jeopardizing it. Do you know which?

Why should the summertime, when we get the most fresh foods, be hazardous months in feeding the family? Chiefly because of poor refrigeration. Cases of summer complaint are being reduced and can be entirely wiped out if foods are kept clean, cold, and fresh. A good refrigerator, rightly used, is a great benefit to a family. Seek to make your refrigerator your benefactor.



Showing temperature zones, which vary with ice-box design.



The ideal temperature is 42° F. Beware of the danger line of 50°.

Fortunately, more and more housewives are being provided with mechanical refrigerators. Such boxes have an automatic temperature control. If you have the old-fashioned kind, be diligent in maintaining as cold a temperature as possible in your ice box. This can be done only by *frequent* icing. Daily icing, though only a small piece is needed, proves wiser economy than buying every other day. Buying only three times a week is more wasteful and may be even dangerous. The United States Department of Agriculture says that because bacteria grow rapidly at temperatures above 50° F. no zone in the ice box should ever be permitted to rise above this temperature; 42° F. is the ideal temperature.

Perhaps the first essential to be mastered in wise refrigeration is temperature control. The temperatures within an ice box vary sometimes as much as ten degrees. The location of the colder zones and warmer zones depends upon whether your box is a top or side icer (see diagrams). The coldest area, of course, is located where the cold down current of air, direct from the ice or freezing chamber, settles. In repeated experiments we found refrigerators furnishing temperature records as indicated in the diagrams.

Cream, milk, eggs, butter, fish, raw meat, and soup stock, being the most perishable foods, should be placed in the coldest zone, while cooked meats or fish, left-over foods, and covered cheese require the next colder areas. Fruits and vegetables will occupy the areas necessarily a few degrees warmer. Since the principle of refrigeration is that of circulating the cold air, the food containers should never be crowded together, but plenty of ventilation should be allowed in every area.

Another factor affecting more particularly those who are buying ice is the elimination of all ice-box odors. Of course, absolute cleanliness of the ice chest and drainpipe, or of the freezing chamber of the mechanical refrigerator, is all-important.

THE proper refrigeration of summer food is essential, so Miss Somers goes into detail on the subject. A wide selection of warm-weather menus will be found in the three LIBERTY cookbooks. The price of each book is 10 cents. All three for 25 cents. In sending for them, please use the coupon.

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I inclose.....cents in payment.

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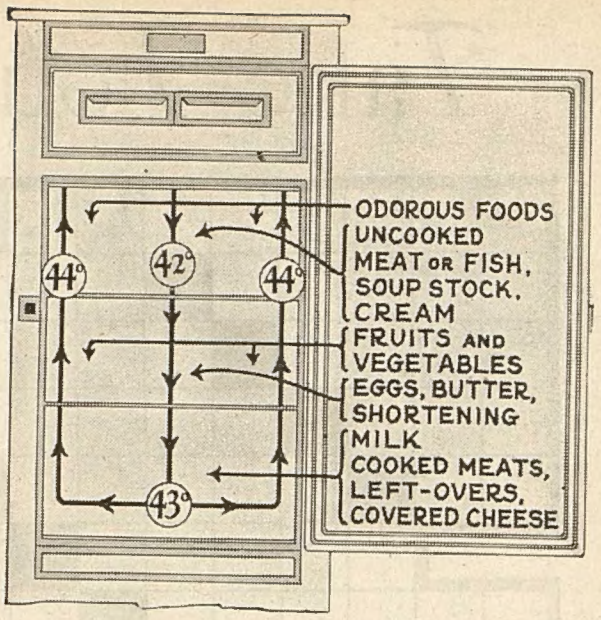

The arrows show direction taken by cold-air current.

Even a spotlessly clean refrigerator may become tainted with food odors. Many families needlessly deprive themselves of the healthful cantaloupe because it taints the air of their ice box. If the cantaloupe is put in such a position that the tainted air from it passes directly to the ice chamber, the taint will be absorbed by the moisture of the melting ice and pass out with the drain water.

Mechanical refrigeration provides a cold, dry air for the superior care of foods. The only moisture comes from the foods themselves, which should be kept covered. Always avoid placing steaming foods in the ice box. It is the moisture from the food that forms a frost coating on the freezing coils or brine tank. This moisture is odorous when melted, and so it is important that you carefully wipe the coils or brine tank and wash the trays after each defrosting, otherwise an unpleasant flavor will be noted in the freshly formed ice cubes.

STILL another efficiency factor remains in the use of any refrigerator. Obviously, the less the doors are opened or stand open the colder the air within remains. A considerable economy may be achieved by less frequently opening and closing the box. Then, too, very decided damage may result from carelessly closing the box. Banging the doors shut is bound in time to injure the rubber cushion or felt insulating material that provides the air-tight seal.

Lastly, those with mechanical refrigerators need to learn how great a boon the freezing chamber may become in the preparation of the various and sundry summer menus. Because the air is dry as well as cold they should form the habit of covering foods to insure longer keeping. They should learn how to remove the ice cubes, and when and how to defrost the coils for maximum efficiency. They should become familiar with the information and instruction furnished by the maker of their particular box. This is the best and safest means of learning its proper use. Then only will there be a full return on the investment.

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J-15

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UNANIMOUS

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